

JOHN BULL



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that means so much!

It means *everything* in a cigarette. It means that, whatever the occasion for which you are choosing your cigarette, you are choosing one made of the finest matured leaf.* First-quality Virginia tobacco of this kind, and of this kind only, you will find in the following cigarettes:—(1) De Reszke AMERICANS (*handmade*) - 20 for 1/6
(2) De Reszke VIRGINIAS (*standard*) - 20 for 1/-
(3) De Reszke MINORS* (*slightly smaller*) 20 for 8d.



*Note.—Exactly the same pure Virginia in the 10-for-4d. De Reszkes as in the most expensive.

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COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Turkish Towels 2/11 per doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 8/11 doz. Genuine French Shirts, 3 Collars, 3/11 each. Boys' ribbed Jerseys, 12/- doz. Ladies' Overall, 7/6 doz. Hundreds of Bargains in our Warehouse. Wholesale only. Quarter dozens supplied. Come and see us or write for Catalogue, post free.—COCHRANE & SONS, 1, THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time; every kind; good profits; 200-page Catalogue free.—May (1932), George St., Birmingham.

80-PAGE WHOLESALE Drapery Catalogue, Post Free. Perfect and Repeatable goods of Quality and Value. Keenest Prices All Dept. Ladies' Men's Child's Household. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wholesale only to the Trade.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds.

MAKE MONEY by selling our Lovely Ladies' Neckties, etc.;—wonderful value; good profits; parties free—ORIENTAL NECK-TIE CO., 25, King Street, Huddersfield.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery, (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

At Cheapest Wholesale Warehouse, Drapery, Hosiery. How to start in business with £1.—Write for free cat., H. Marks, 1, Houndsditch, E.C.3.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

IMPORTANT TO READERS.—If you are interested in club work, do not fail to read the special announcements on page 14 of the Great Universal Stores, Westminster National Supplies, Ltd., Shield Xmas Club, Club Supplies, Ltd., the Tate Xmas Club, Walker and Hannam, Ltd., John Howard and Co., and State Chocolate Co., and mention "John Bull" when writing for particulars.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Partica. and cat. free.—Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Bristol, Leeds.

AGENTS WANTED (either sex) to sell Private Christmas Cards. Sample Book Free. A WONDERFUL VARIETY OF BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS TO SUIT ANY AND ALL TASTES. Photographic, Calligraphic, Novelty, Religious, high-class. Notepaper, threefold and many other specialties. Highest Comm. and special prices.—Apply Denton & Co., Ltd., Dept. D.18, Accrington.

AGENTS. Form Oak Club now for Xmas. Chocs. Toys, Cutlery, Watches, Fancy Goods, etc. Big Cash Commission. Catalogue free.—OAK CLUBS, 123E, Oak Lane, Bradford.

FREE GIFT ALL ENQUIRERS. BIG COMMISSION. XMAS AGENTS WANTED. CHOCOLATES, TOYS, CIGARETTES AND FANCY GOODS. ORIGINAL TATE XMAS CLUB.—DEPT. J.B., DOCK STREET, LEEDS.

BIG MONEY FOR ORGANISERS AND AGENTS. No outlay. Write, Pullans Direct Supply, 209a, Kirkstall Road, Leeds.

AGENTS WANTED. Extension Xmas Club. 200-Page Art Cat. Huge select. Fancy Goods, Chocs. Toys, etc. Free Gifts every Agent. Highest Commission. Big Cash Prizes.—Eaton & Co. (Dept. A.), Lower Wortley, LEEDS.

FREE. Handsome Present to all who run our Xmas Club. Chocs., Cigs., Toys, Fine Catalogue, splendid terms.—Dept. B51, GARNETT AND HALLMEY, LTD., GRIMSBY.

NOW READY.—JOHN NOBLE'S WONDER CATALOGUE! One of the most marvellous books ever issued. JOHN NOBLE'S WANT ORGANISERS OF WEEKLY CLUBS. The Ideal Club Leads for Value! Big Commission, little trouble, no expense. Super Bargains in Fashions, Footwear, Furniture, Outfitting, etc. All Goods Carriage paid. Over 60 years' reputation for value and service. Thousands of enthusiastic organisers! Send P.O. NOW for particulars and 350-page Bargain Guide.—John Noble, Ltd., (Dept. A7), Manchester.

CLUB AGENTS: WE GIVE BETTER VALUE INSTEAD OF FREE GIFTS. Magnificent 200-page Cat. Chocs., Cigs., Jewellery, Cutlery, etc. Highest Commission.—A. B. WATSON, 137, Albion Street, Leeds.

CHRISTMAS Club offering biggest bonuses and gifts requires Agents at once. Huge Art Catalogue of Chocolates, Toys, Fancy Goods, Cutlery, etc. The only Christmas Club offering Hire-purchase terms. Full particulars free. Every Agent receives free Carton Nestle's Chocolates now.—THE SHIELD XMAS CLUB (Dept. 12), BRADFORD.

AGENTS WANTED.—Xmas Clubs, Drapery, Boots, Shoes, Household Goods. Free Gift all Agents. Enterprise, 4, Thornton Rd., Bradford.

WANTED. Agents. Better Terms and Cat. Free. Outfits for Men, Women and Home.—Varley's Modern Store, 64, Horton, Bradford.

MORRIS BROS. BRITAIN'S LARGEST CLUB SPECIALISTS XMAS CATALOGUE is undoubtedly the finest. Best select of goods. Biggest Cash Com. paid. Highest quality goods only stocked. Send for Catalogue and free gift.—MORRIS BROS. (Dept. B.), Commercial Mills, Shipley, Yorks.

"SMITH'S" Celebrated Xmas Club. Marvellous Com. bonus prizes. Handsome Gift every Agent. Cat. free.—"Smith's", 28, Paradise St., L'pool.

FREE Fountain Pen and Pencil and 200-page cat. NOW.—Xmas Club Agents wanted: no outlay. Highest cash commission. Bundles of bathroom towels given free.—Write, HOFF-BRAND, 17, Bearton Street, BRADFORD.

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SPARE TIME AGENTS wanted to hold Xmas Clubs. Write for Free Art Cat. particulars of Cash Comm. and Free Gifts.—Charlie Shaw, Dept. J. B., Pitgreen Lane, Wobstanton, Staffs.

JOIN FINE'S CLUBS! Chocs., etc., etc., best quality only. Free Gifts. Cash Comm. Send for cat.—FINE'S, 113, Vicar Lane, Leeds.

XMAS Club Agents Wanted. Chocs., Cigs., Fancy Goods, Novelties. Highest value. Cat. free. No outlay.—FAYNE (Dept. F.), Fyne St., Nottingham.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS. A sound offer. If you are thinking of becoming a Christmas Club Agent, write at once to the National Association of Chocolate Club Organisers, who will put you in immediate touch with one of the many genuine Christmas Clubs who are members of the Association. By accepting an Agency with one of these reputable Clubs you are assured of obtaining the best valued goods and highest commission.—Write now, SECRETARY (Dept. 3), NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF CHOCOLATE CLUB ORGANISERS, 25, SUN-BRIDGE ROAD, BRADFORD.

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XMAS Club Agents wid. FREE NECKLACE or CIGARETTE HOLDER to all applicants. Wonderful Selection. Novelties, Chocs., Cigs., Toys, etc. Big Cash comm. Free Gifts and amazing Prize Scheme offering Furniture, Watches, Cutlery, etc. Send for super-Catalogue and full particulars.—Westminster National Supplies, Ltd., 45, Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4.

SPARE TIME Agents required by old-established firm supplying wonderful bargains and quick-selling lines. Regular weekly income assured with little effort.—Empress Mfg. Co., Blackpool.

XMAS CLUB Agents wanted.—Free Gift every enquirer. Highest Cash Com. First-class choice. Best Makes. Huge Present every Agent. Illus. Catalogue Free.—ROBIN HOOD GIFT CLUB (Dept. 42), BRIGHOUSE.

AGENTS required for the famous SNOWBALL XMAS Cards and Calendars. Gigantic collection free. Wonderful profits. Enrol now and commence to make money.—Minster Press, Preston.

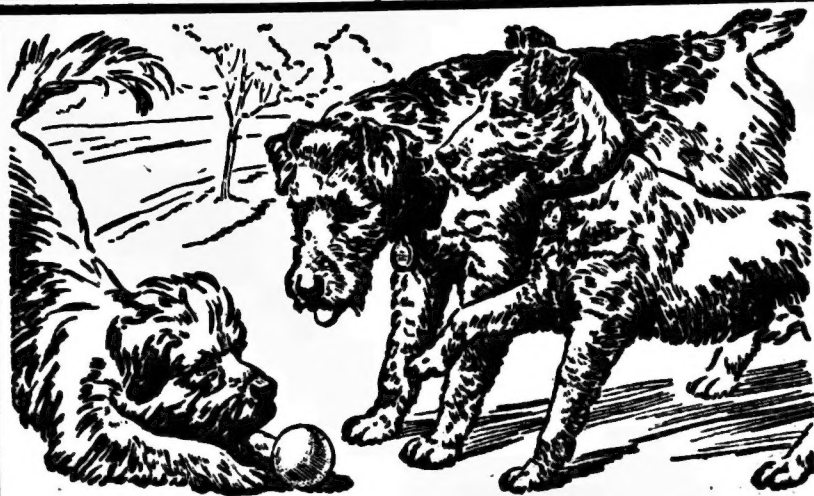
AGENTS wanted in all parts to form "B.B.B." Xmas Clubs. Britain's Best Bargains in Chocolates, Cigarettes and Fancy Goods. Send P.O. for particulars of the highest commission paid by any club, free gifts, prizes to agents, and for monster illustrated Catalogue. L. & C. MOSS (Dept. C23), 36, CANNEL STREET, ANCOATS, MANCHESTER.

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MOTOR DRIVERS.—COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening FREE employment Dept. CALL (8-7), or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W. (Corner Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House).

CIVIL SERVICE.—For details of openings, age limits, salaries, entrance Exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex—aged 15 upwards), write for free Handbook to R.T.I., Dept. 311, 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

EARN £3-25 WEEKLY as a certificated Bookkeeper. Expert postal tuition. Fee, 6s. monthly. Free Employment Bureau. Success assured. Guide FREE.—O. C. COLLEGE (DP), 23, Coleman Street, London, E.C. (Est'd. 1903).



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Three friends of ours. Hardly show dogs. Tag looks something like an Airedale, but not much. As for Rag and Bobtail, well, they are just plain Dog.

The main point, though, is that they are healthy—full of vigour and vitality.

You see, their ancestry may have been haphazard, but their feeding is not. They are fed carefully, with due regard for what their constitution needs. In other words, they are fed on Spratt's Meat-Fibrine Foods.

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CELEBRATED SPARE TIME
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BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc. Men in regular employment appointed as Agents. Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. Illustrated Coloured Catalogues. NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT. Enquiries for Agency Invited. LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

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FREE! A specimen copy of "The Exchange and Mart," the wonder bargains weekly.—Send postcard to J. B. Surt, 4, Greville St., E.C.1. WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 21d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 81, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES. 75 Home-made garments. Worth £5. Handmade Shawls, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on approval (cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 64, DOVER RD., FORTSMOUTH.

WOOLS Sale. Rug 8d., Cable 1/8, Thrums 9d., B. Silky 1d. oz., Sports 1/4, 200 sps. Free.—Scotia Wool, 158, New Bridge St., Newcl. Tyne.

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HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1/4 stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 24-26, Cadnor, Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful, no lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address: Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (442P), 89, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Trouble, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-, Boots' Pills, or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool, Spl. 3d.

EMKOLERE. Ointment for PILES. Wonderful remedy. Gives instant relief from suffering. Proved by hundreds. Never fails, harmless, non-soiling. 3/- post free. Booklet free. Emkoleere Mfg. Co., 21, Chiswell St., London, E.C.1.

RUPTURED? Elastic appliances with "Compolastic" uncompressible pads; best quality single 12/6, double 17/6. Send for illustrated price list post free.—G. A. MACHETH (J.B.M.), 124, St. John's Hill, London, S.W.11.

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ARE YOU RUPTURED? Try the Blunden Surgical Appliance for 7 days and test it before you pay. Write or call for Free Booklet, "Rupture and Its Treatment." Blunden Surgical Appliance Co. (Dept. 129M), 7, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

SUFFERERS from Hemorrhoids can obtain a FREE SAMPLE of "MAN-ZAN" remedy by filling in the coupon in the advt. on p. 18.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Yulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 10, New Bond St., London, W.1.

ANY kind Old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bells, Headrow, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

YOU need "HEALTH & STRENGTH" Try it free!—Send postcard for specimen copy to J. B. Surt, 4, Greville St., London, E.C.1.

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS. You can't stop eating them. Must be DUKE'S.

HANDSOME MEN are slightly sunburnt. "Sunbrowns," 1/6, 3/6, gives this tint. 9,000 Tanned. (Bklt.)—Sunbrowns Labs., Coln in Bay.

FREE.—The new 13th edition of the "BLACK CAT" Free Gift Book. Simply fill in the coupon on p. 4.

SPRATT'S 100-p. illustrated book is offered FREE in the large advt. on this page.

KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES are one of the best of cereals for children. Mouthwatering. Easy to digest. No cooking required. Delicious in milk or cream. See p. 22.

READERS' attention is drawn to the POUDEUR TONALIN advt. on p. 30, which announces a new style in Face Powder.

READERS' attention is drawn to WILL R. ROSE'S PHOTOGRAPHIC SERVICE on page 21. Write for List J.B. for further particulars.

READERS are reminded that when away from home BREADLOAF WHEAT is served on request in hotels, restaurants and boarding houses. See page 21.

MESSRS. GODFREY PHILLIPS, Ltd., wish to direct readers' attention to a new supplementary list of B.D.V. Gifts of excellent value, which may now be obtained from all tobacconists. The gifts described and illustrated in this list are made entirely by British disabled men employed by Preston Hall Industries. This organization is controlled by the British Legion, and its employees are all ex-Service men.

EXIDE BATTERIES, which are used in so many phases of public service, form part of the installation of the transmitting equipment of the Heston Airport, Middlesex. The function of this station is to broadcast weather daily, between the hours of 9.30 and 4.30. Of service to aviators, motorists and the public generally, suggestions are invited from readers and owners of wireless sets as to how well these reports are being received.

CASH 75% DIRECT FROM OUR FACTORY SAVE SHOP PROFIT

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5-VALVE PORTABLE**

British Valves, Ekide Batteries, an! Balanced Armature Load Speaker. Brings in British and Foreign Stations without Aerial or Earth, with **PURITY AND VOLUME.**

Ready to switch on. 7/6 deposit and 12 similar monthly payments.

SUPER MODEL.

3 Ceramic Valves, Safety Fuse, Super Capacity Ekide Batteries, Gramophone Pick-up Rings. 55/- Cash or 9/6 monthly.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of 14 latest Radio Sets free.

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Open Daily, including Sat., 10.15 to 7 p.m.

12 1/2 SOUNDBOX BARGAIN 5/11

To popularise our Mail Order bargains we are offering this wonderful new British Made Soundbox for 5/11 only! Why not have really up-to-date Soundbox on your gramophone and make it as good as an expensive cabinet model? Hear all those high and low notes they have been missing! Send 3d. postage for **FREE APPROVAL**. Then, if delighted, pay 1/6 weekly till 6/6 is paid, or cash with order, 5/11 only. Why not send 3d. stamps to-day and give it a trial?—we forward Soundbox by return!—(under no obligation whatever on your part to purchase unless delighted).

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State whether Soundbox fits in or slips over tone-arm.



SERVICE BOOTS

Most Waterproof Derby Boot. grained upper, solid leather double soles. Screwed, stitched and bradled. Extra tips on toe and heel for double strength. Ideal heavy working Boot, built for hard wear. All sizes.

British Boot Co.
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Free Gift.

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Foot 1/- or G.O.D.

8/9

1 pair of Gont's Knee with every order.

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NO RISK!**

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NOW!**



Prosperity is returning! NOW is your opportunity to make money. We will show you how, supply everything FREE, and pay you a liberal commission. Experience is not necessary, so send to-day for full particulars.

If you have only two hours free each week, you can make some money. If you can spare two hours a day, you can make a great deal. Not a penny of capital is required—only energy, enthusiasm and a bent for organising. 10,000 "live" Agents are required immediately from among "John Bull" readers to form Drivers' famous Xmas Clubs. Link up in this profitable spare-time work with the First and still the Foremost Club Organisers in Britain! Drivers' Superb Art Catalogues, lavishly illustrated in full colours, comprising 340 pages, and embracing over 1,000 lines in Chocolates, Toys, Fancy Goods, etc., make Agents' work delightfully easy. Join the Initiators, not the imitators! We supply all necessary stationery, etc., FREE, give the fullest and clearest instructions (you can master all details in ten minutes) and offer every possible co-operation. To obtain full particulars, merely send your name and address on a post card addressed carefully to—

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*Wanted by the
OLDEST and
LARGEST
XMAS CLUB
ORGANISERS IN
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**SAMUEL DRIVER
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BURTON ROAD,
LEEDS.**

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In buying direct from our
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- 2 Soft Woolly Blankets Shirts
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All double bed size and
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**A Handsome
 WANDER DOWN GUIN
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20/-
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BABY-CLOTHES

**CHARMING HOME-
MADE LONG or SHORT
CLOTHES LAYETTE**

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Everything necessary and ready for use.
75 beautiful garments (the Western
Buck and Wood Shirts,
Buck, Nubia, Town or Windy, Dr.
Geyne, L. Mail, Fan, or Windy,
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Vests, Buck Flannel,
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and Wood Shirts)

Cotton, Flannel, Pique,
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(Mail, cash or terms.)
MRS. J. R. HOWARD,

**ANOTHER FIVE
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-Your bargain was recommended by friends, and now you are convinced that it is impossible to obtain better

SAVOY POULTRY HOUSE
 In complete sections, ready to screw together
 Constructed of galvanized steel, planned, rebated and finished
 from moulded weatherboard on strong frame
22'6"
 Fitted with up and down shutter over best galvanizing wire netting. Attendant's door with necessary fittings. On rail ex works.

L. ft.	W. ft.	High. ft. in.	Usual Price.	Reduced Price.	Flt. ext.
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7	5	4	32 6	115 0	8
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 Bungalows, Greenhouses, Garages, Rustic Houses, ILLUSTRATED LIST FREE.
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 Works: 41, Newwood Rd., & 163, Peckham Rye, London, S.



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hardens for use in an hour or two. Absolutely waterproof. Mend your kiddie's shoes with it for economy's sake. Guarantee of efficiency on every tube, which contains enough paste for two substantial soles or dozens of patches. Send P.O. for Trial Tube.

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CARR. & PACKING 4d.
Extra, or 2 Tubes 2/-

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See post stamp for full particulars, etc.
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Trade Enquiries to Sole Man/1., 179, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

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GREAT ADVERTISING OFFER

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 To the first two hundred readers who apply we will supply one of our noted 45/- Gent's Suits at merely 19/6, and if for any reason you do not consider the suit supplied for only 19/6 honestly worth every penny of 45/- return it and we will refund your 19/6 to you with 1/- for your trouble in sending. The first two hundred applicants only will secure these Suits. Don't send money now, but examine patterns first.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS.
 Send a postcard for big range of the Yorkshire Tweeds and Worsteds, fashions and easy self-measurement form to:

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 14, FLYKE BRIDGE, WEST CROYDON, SURREY.**



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GARDEN SHEDS

FROM
4/6
DOWN

A novice can erect. Complete ready for use. 6 sections
 both together. 1-in. planed moulded weatherboards, 1-in.
 framing. Roofing felt. Useful for storage, cycles, workshed,
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Long. Wide. High. 6ft. 4ft. 6ft. Cash Sale Price. 8ft. 5ft. 6ft. 22.17/6 5/6 monthly 10ft. 7ft. 8ft. 28. 0/0 10/6 monthly	Cash Sale Price. 6ft. 4ft. 6ft. 5/6 monthly 8ft. 5ft. 6ft. 8/6 monthly 10ft. 7ft. 8ft. 10/6 monthly
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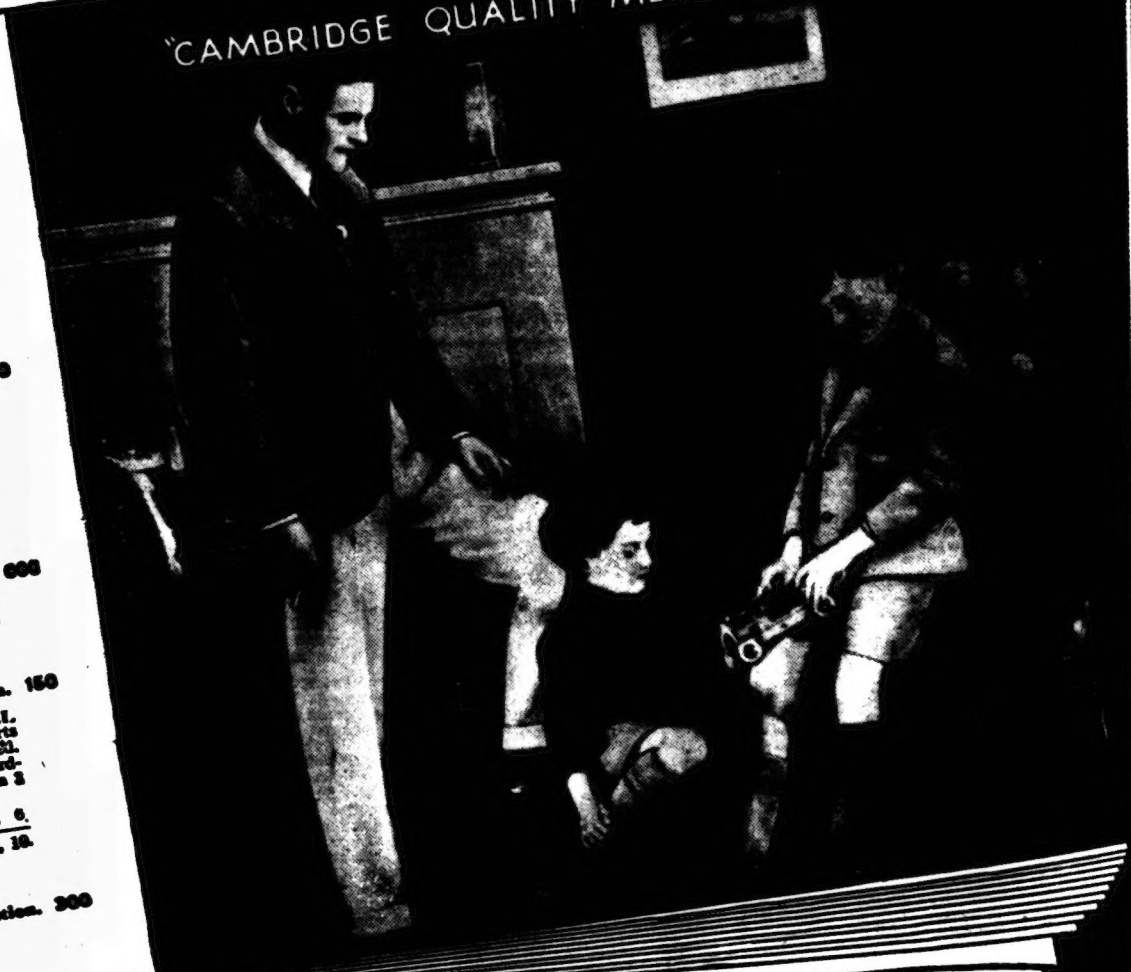
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Page 5

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THE OTHER RECTOR

THERE was the Rector of Stiffkey. And now there is the other rector—the Rev. Robert Halton, of St. Mary-at-Hill, London, E.C.

The one by many sordid actions dragged his office into disrepute. The other by a single good deed has wiped away the stain, and restored honour to the clerical dog-collar.

In future, when anyone thinks of the Rector of Stiffkey, let him immediately call to mind the Rector of St. Mary-at-Hill, and remember that the Church of England contains many such men—real Christians—whose practice all the time runs level with their precepts; men who are prepared to come down from the pulpit and by their own daily deeds exhibit the Christian virtues they have preached to others on Sundays.

The Rev. Robert Halton is a shining example of this type. A few days ago his brother Thomas, aged forty-six, an out-of-work house-painter, was charged at the Mansion House Police Court with theft.

The great admission

NOW, to begin with, there are many people occupying public positions like the Rector of St. Mary-at-Hill who would go to a great deal of trouble to hide from their neighbours the fact that they had a house-painter as a close relative.

They would not consider themselves less Christian-like for so doing. They would find all sorts of excuses to save their consciences. They would not even admit that they were snobs—and if they did they would plead that their snobbery was harmless.

How much more, then, would such people fight to prevent the disclosure that their close relative was not only a humble house-painter, but a thief?

But the Rector of St. Mary-at-Hill is made of different stuff. When his house-painter brother stood in the dock he was there on the spot to acknowledge, comfort and help him.

He may, for all we know, have cared a great deal for the buzzing tongues that would get busy in his parish. But, if he did, it was not enough to make him hesitate a second. He knew his duty as a Christian, and spoke up in court like a man on behalf of his unfortunate brother, who apparently had always been scrupulously honest till this lapse.

The brother was bound over, the rector standing security.

"I am much impressed with what has taken place here to-day," said the Lord Mayor. "It is not every man who will come forward and acknowledge he is the brother of a man caught stealing."

It is not, indeed. Too many of us would, in like circumstances, do what we could to help, but

remain discreetly in the background and hope for the best.

Probably the Rector of St. Mary-at-Hill could have hired a solicitor to defend his brother. Quite likely, seeing it was a first offence, the solicitor would have been able to induce the Bench to bind over the offender, as it actually did. The result would have been the same, and no one among the general public would ever have connected the name of the rector of a City parish with that of a thief.

But would the result have been exactly the same?

We don't think so. The rector, we feel sure from the type of man we judge him to be, would have known that he had failed in his duty as a Christian, a clergyman, and a brother.

We think that, whatever inconveniences his police-court appearance may cause him, he is happier in his heart to-day than he would have been if he had left his work to be done by a hired lawyer.

Apart from this, the public would have lost a splendid object-lesson, and one that comes at a very apt time.

There is no question that the Stiffkey case did a great deal of harm to the prestige of the Anglican clergy throughout the whole country. It obtained enormous publicity, and brought the Church under much criticism.

We don't doubt that many foolish people have made ample use of the Stiffkey case to hold up the whole race of parsons to ridicule. This is especially unfortunate when the Church is battling against a very difficult period in its history.

Therefore we welcome the example of the Rector of St. Mary-at-Hill. His case has not had anything like the publicity of that of the Rector of Stiffkey. The more's the pity. His is an instance of a good deed shining in a naughty world without much notice being taken of it.

But notice should be taken of it—and that is our reason for writing about it here.

It is just the sort of practical expression of brotherly love that Christ Himself would have seized upon and turned into a parable. And His



The act of a Christian, and a Man

disciples of to-day might well make like use of it from their pulpits. They would find no finer text for the sermons they will preach on Sunday.

They could, moreover, think of nothing better calculated to restore any waning confidence in the Church and its clergy than this commendable example of true Christianity set by their brother of the cloth.

They owe it to themselves to show us that the Stiffkey case did not in any sense hold up the mirror to clergymen as a whole.

Stain removed

THEY will be falling, too, in their duty to their parishioners, and to the public at large, if they let the chance slip by to set before them this lesson of Christian brotherhood as practised by a man whose deed is as good as his word.

The parson used to be a power in the village or parish. To-day he is too often the subject of jibes and music-hall jokes.

But the case of the Rector of St. Mary-at-Hill should re-adjust the balance. It should help us to see the parson as he usually is—a Christian, and a Man.

If, as we believe, the Rector of St. Mary-at-Hill, by his simple act of Christian courage and charity, wipes off the slate the Stiffkey writing, then the Church and all who follow its teachings will have every reason to thank him.

New Wage Cuts Folly on the Farms

The Empire is the Umpire One Law for Eton and—

WE warn the farmers. They will be asking for trouble if they go on cutting down the farm workers' wages.

Some farmers are urging the official Agricultural Wages Committees to reduce wages. Some, flouting the avowed policy of the National Farmers' Union, even want these Committees abolished.

Already reduced

Already some of the Committees have reduced wages, so that the average minimum for agricultural labourers in England and Wales is now 31s. 4d. a week.

The National Farmers' Union should act—and so must the Government.

But the Government is actually relaxing its vigilance. Because of the need for economy there are to be fewer Ministry of Agriculture inspectors.

False economy

Yet there were 14,000 cases last year of farm workers being paid less than the legal wage. Offending farmers had to pay £85,000 in arrears.

We know the farmers are up against it.

But the abolition of wage and hour standards and false economy won't put their house in order.

Not cricket

Play in the Ottawa cricket match (we use Jimmy Thomas's metaphor) has now been going on for a week.

Thomas said it was a game in which everyone was going to bat and everyone going to bowl. But nobody was going to play against anybody else.

Well, all we can say is that this isn't cricket. Jimmy probably found that out on the opening day of the Conference, when Stanley Baldwin stonewalled against the Food Tax googlies of the Canadian and New Zealand Premiers, who bowled simultaneously.

What Jimmy forgot

No, Ottawa won't be the comic cricket match of Jimmy Thomas's dreams. If it is there'll be trouble with the umpire.

Jimmy forgot to mention him. And in this case the umpire happens to be the Empire.

Mussolini's lesson

Which brings us to Mussolini, who has just sacked some of his Ministers because, it is said, they failed to bring back from Lausanne a clean slate agreement on reparations and a Franco-Italian security pact.

We don't approve of all his methods, but there's a lot to be said for him at times.

If all the statesmen who frequent Lausanne, Geneva—and Ottawa—knew that if they didn't bring back the goods they'd have to go, the world would have a better chance of getting on its feet again.

Disgruntled police

The plain speaking of the Select Committee on Police Force Amalgamation should put an end to the appointment of pensioned Army officers as chief constables on the ground that they have "special qualifications."

It is only natural that the police want these posts to be open to the ablest men from their own ranks.

The committee's revelation of dissatisfaction among the police on this matter is a warning the Home Secretary cannot ignore.

New ambassador

When Lord Tyrrell leaves his post as British Ambassador in Paris early next year, it is not unlikely that he will be succeeded by Sir Eric Drummond, famous for his work as Secretary-General of the League of Nations.

Other "possibles" are Sir Robert Vansittart, Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, and the Marquess of Londonderry.



Jimmy Thomas's comic cricket match of Empire. But, he forgot the umpire.

A rift in the R.A.F.

What is the truth about the Royal Air Force?

Sir John Salmond, Chief of the Air Staff, resigned to give junior officers a chance of promotion.

But is that the real reason?

If it is, it is curious that Sir John is to be succeeded by his brother, who is three years older than him.

Or has Sir John's resignation any connection with rumours that there has been friction in the Force for some time and that other highly placed officers will soon, like him, figure in the news?

Nobody's darling

The Government must think again—and leave the hospitals alone.

It proposes to set up a National Film Institute, the cost to be met out of Sunday cinemas profits, which at present go to charity.

London hospitals would lose £8,000 a year by the scheme. And the film industry declares the institute would help nobody. So why bother about it?

Etonian luck

Three young men, two of whom were said to be "Old Etonians," were fined £30 each for smashing windows at Windsor. They had drunk a bottle of gin—neat.

Three drunken young soldiers were each sent to prison for twelve months' hard labour for smashing windows at Dover.

So if you really wish to smash windows go to Windsor rather than to Dover. You get away with it more easily.

Debit and credit

Thousands of clerks in the Bank of England have been working overtime for weeks.

They work thirteen hours on weekdays and eight on Sundays, and will continue to do so for the next three months. Even the ordinary clerks will get £6 a week in overtime.

Thousands of clerks outside the Bank have been looking for jobs for years.

A strange way of striking a balance!

At last

Many villages in Britain are without a midwife.

We are glad to see the Ministry of Health is at last taking steps to end this scandal. County councils have

been asked to arrange for a qualified woman to live in the villages, the cost to be paid from public funds.

This is a social service the country must afford.

Disarm in the home

There is a very simple method of stopping all this revolver nonsense.

Why should any civilian possess one? He would only need it for protection if "the other fellow" had one. So prohibit them all.

The gunmakers might be a little annoyed, but that wouldn't matter.

Nobody needs a revolver. So there is no reason why anybody should have one.

Tragedy toys

And how long is the "toy gun" scandal to continue?

A lad at Cheshire, Cheshire, recently bought a pocket pistol by post from Glasgow. Accompanying it was an assurance that no licence was needed.

Those few words meant death to the boy and irremediable sorrow to his mother, for she found him dead in bed the other morning, killed by the gun with which he had been playing.

An enquiry into the sale of so-called "toy pistols" is long overdue.

Dangerous doctors

Still another doctor has had poison stolen from the car he left standing in the road. In this case the poison was in tablets which might be mistaken by children for sweets.

It is all very well to blame the thieves, but why not blame the doctors?

A man who lets a dangerous dog run loose is rightly haled to the police court and punished.

Yet a man who leaves poison lying about within reach of anyone is regarded as having been victimised if he loses it!

The young idea

A girl of nine told Mr. Justice McCardie the other day that she didn't know why she ought to tell the truth.

Then, at Sussex Assizes, a boy of sixteen was tried for attempting to blackmail a dishonest employer.

Yes, children need to be taught a great deal more than the three R's.

Uncle goes home

How a well-dressed man swindled a Birmingham tradesman by pretending

to be a long-lost uncle from Australia was revealed in JOHN BULL last April. When he was arrested, a copy of this article was found on him.

The man, Austin Sinclair, will have plenty of time to meditate on this and our other exposures of him, for he has been sentenced to three years' penal servitude and three years' preventive detention.

Over forty cases of fraud were taken into consideration!

Sporty boys

Bridget is a deer.

She was taken to a place in Kent to be hunted, but she found sanctuary in the sea.

The King's Bench Division has just decided that she may be carted off and chased into the sea again, thereby giving an enormous amount of fun to the Mid-Kent staghounds.

It is so jolly to worry an animal which wants to be friendly, but which, in law, is not technically "tame."

And, what is more, it's so safe.

Too-plain clothes

A motorist has just been fined for disregarding the signals of a couple of men in caps and mackintoshes.

They were traffic police in plain-clothes, but, unfortunately for him, he didn't know that. How could he have known?

The motorist has a right to fair play. If the law wants him to stop, it must produce a uniformed policeman.

No brake on learning

It's determination that wins.

Last week we congratulated a Manchester taxi-driver on gaining his Bachelor of Science degree.

Now a London tram-driver, Mr. William Bullock, has taken an honours degree in economics at London University. He also speaks French and German.

The Workers' Educational Association may well be proud of helping him to academic success.

Litter louts

Here they are again—the litter louts.

This time at the Whipsnade Zoo, where they have been dumping their rubbish on paths and pleasant green spaces though seventy-two litter baskets are provided for them.

All over the country the same thing happens.

It is time local by-laws were enforced and a few offenders fined as a warning to others.

The other side

Well-paid jobs, for which no previous experience is necessary, can be found on plantations in Malaya and other Eastern countries. So says the *Overseas Gazette*, published at 19, Rosebery Street, Hull, and owned by a man named C. E. Youngson.

But there's another side to this pretty picture.

Seventy-five per cent. of plantation men in Malaya are out of work. And months ago we warned our readers to ignore this curious journal and its offers of well-paid jobs for small fees.

A clout for the tout

At Southwark County Court, Judge Moore severely criticised the solicitors' touts who offer to bring actions for damages for people injured in street accidents.

It was a scandal, he said, the way such actions were brought. And he threatened to take "further action."

We hope he does. JOHN BULL has been exposing the scandal for years.

Poor rich man

A Leeds man left £13,000 and a will designed to keep his family of three children from quarrelling.

Most people have happy families and no money.

The will proves it is possible to have £13,000 and still be poor in the real sense of the word.

BRAINS

mustn't be TAXED!

by

**CAPTAIN G.
DRURY COLEMAN,**

*General Secretary of the
Institute of Patentees*



AN inventor demonstrates the efficacy of his new life-saving device. It may be a great invention, but unless he is prepared to pay dearly they will only laugh at him . . .

you are prepared to pay £1 for the provisional specifications, £3 after nine months for completion, £1 for sealing on the granting of the patent, £5 at the end of the fifth year, £6 at the end of the sixth year, and so on until you pay £16 at the end of the sixteenth year.

In other words, you will not be able to buy sixteen years' protection at less than £131. And the service, by way of search to see whether you have been anticipated in your invention, is of a very cursory kind.

And all the time the Americans will give you seventeen years' similar protection for fifty dollars, which includes a world search that leaves our own completely in the shade.

In this country it is possible for you to pay the early fees, only to find, after a time, that a similar invention has already been patented in France or some other country, and that your time, genius and money have been wasted, a thing that would be impossible in America because of the great pains taken by highly efficient searchers trained to their jobs.

Frozen out

THE examiners in this country are recruits from the Civil Service chosen without any regard to their knowledge of manufactures or the arts and industries of the country—and they are not expected to make a world-wide search for inventions that may anticipate the one before them.

And for this inferior service that is already costing far too much an extra fee of 33s for completion will be charged if this Bill to Amend the Patents and Designs Act is passed.

In more ways than one this measure threatens to become industry's Charter of Disaster.

It seeks to make it almost compulsory for the inventor to seek professional aid in making his application for a patent. Is a man's idea any the worse for the fact that he cannot buy professional advice?

It stipulates that claims will have to be made "with reasonable skill and knowledge," yet another way of adding to the already crushing tax on brains.

And in any case, who can determine whether an inventor has "reasonable skill and knowledge"? If a man has thought of something that may revolutionise the industry in which he is engaged, why refuse to listen to him on the grounds that he is not an expert in patent law and procedure and cannot afford to employ an expert of that kind?

I know of many small inventors who are always on the verge of "something big" who can no longer afford to go on thinking of beneficial ideas to help trade. They have been frozen out by the pinch of taxation, lack of encouragement and bad trade.

And so industry must suffer still more at a time when it is so much in need of a blood-transfusion.

Trade suicide

IT is not that we are losing money on our Patent Office. In fact, it made a profit of £147,840 in 1928, £157,005 in 1929, £154,545 in 1930, and the 1931 figure will be much about the same. All of this made out of inventors—very poor people, many of them.

I regret to say, as an official of our own Institute of Patentees, that Great Britain treats her inventors more shabbily than any other civilised country in the world.

Active steps must be taken, and at once—by the industries that depend on fertile brains, if by no one else.

We cannot let trade commit suicide over a few pennies in this way.

INVENTORS are the backbone of a nation. I could name a thousand of them, unknown people as far as the general mass of the public is concerned, who have done more for their country than Nelson.

You can't over-estimate the value of inventors. If they do their work badly their country becomes industrially out of date—its factories make out-of-date articles on out-of-date machinery for a time and then die down into silence.

Encouraged, and doing their level best, they can so improve the goods of their country that the wares of its rivals become obsolete—and not even low prices can sell obsolete goods in the world market to-day.

The lesson is therefore an obvious one. We should encourage our inventors. We should develop the brain behind our industries. We should improve all our existing machines with not one but many different patents.

With enough brilliant inventors, suitably encouraged, we can do a thousand times more for Britain than armies ever did in the whole of our history.

The brain squeeze

ALL this being so—and there is not a statesman in the kingdom who would dispute a word of it—why have we set out to discourage them?

Already a move has been begun to do so—one of the most shortsighted moves ever made by our politicians.

Not content with already charging inventors more in patent fees than any other country in the world, our Government is trying to charge them still more. A Bill to increase those fees is already before the House of Lords.

We want to put a bigger tax on brains, and this at a time when industry is crying out for new inventions to help trade.

For more than a year the flow of ideas has

been drying up because of the scandalous impost on ideas. There were 3,000 fewer applications for patents lodged in 1931 than in 1930, and the figures for 1932 are likely to show a still greater reduction.

What will happen if the proposed increase of 33s in the fees for completing a patent comes about?

I believe that the financial and moral effect of this latest blunder, if it ever becomes effective, will be to dry up completely the inventive ability of the nation.

Industry must have invention, a constant inflow of new ideas, in order to exist. This is an attempt to drain the life-blood from it.

It may be you

DON'T think of inventors as rich young men who have money to burn, who dabble in mechanical and other things because they have got nothing else to do. That seems to be the misconception that has already made it more expensive to be an inventor in this country than elsewhere.

You, your neighbour, your cousin, the man who sits next to you in office or workshop or board-room are all potential inventors. Any man with brains who has an interest in his work is likely at any time to think of some improvement that will benefit his industry and so his country.

What if you invent something? Well, you will be treated as a public nuisance whose cranky ideas are tolerated only because you are prepared to pay dearly for the privilege of having them registered.

In most foreign countries, on the other hand, the inventor is treated as a public benefactor, and the way is made easy for him. The question of what fees he can pay is not all-important.

Suppose you invent something very small, say an improvement in the ordinary common bootlace.

Your ravings will be listened to as long as

TWO MILES A MINUTE

many of her kind had been, her promises as treacherous as a poisoned kiss.

They moved her engines back by the thickness of a shadow after that. And because one alteration always makes another necessary, they made her step—the keel actually rises like a doorstep just beneath the pilot's cockpit—a little steeper.

Then they took her to Loch Lomond three weeks ago, and the multitudes followed to see Kaye Don make history.

He crammed into her cockpit. Her two 2,000-horse-power seaplane engines of Schneider Trophy pattern woke to life. Slowly she began to move under her own power, then faster, faster still...

And then, all in a second, she began bucking like a Wild West broncho. At

but to do it MEANT..

the bottom, or snapped it in half like a matchstick.

This, then, is what Kaye Don was called on—to take over the water at speed so much greater than had ever been reached before that he was actually hurtling into the unknown.

Eight tons of metal packed into a shell, driven so high into the air that little more than the propellers were submerged because water refuses to be hustled out of the way of anything going so fast—the whole lot of it obedient to a rudder working in a mere

A Thirty Years'

A pre-war attempt on the record. Above: He kept a secret behind that smile—Kaye Don

AT one moment, as his craft flashed at more than two miles a minute before the mountain of water that pursued it, its engines roaring out a tumult that could be heard four miles away, Kaye Don's face was stern and grim set.

The next, as they hauled that frail goddess *Miss England III* out of the waters of Loch Lomond, and cabled the news of the greatest speed-boat achievement in history to all quarters of the globe, his face slipped into a smile so sad and enigmatic that not one of the cheering thousands who saw it will ever forget it.

There is a secret behind that smile.

It was not just the smile of a man who had challenged Death and won. Kaye Don has done that too often to have felt that way about it.

Nor did it reflect the pride of a man who had just broken all records by touching 125 miles an hour and averaging 119.81 miles an hour on water.

Kaye Don smiled because he heard the multitudes cheering, but knew that they did not really understand.

How could they? They had forgotten that seventeen miles an hour was the world's water record in 1903 and that thirty miles an hour was phenomenal in 1914—if they ever knew. They had never heard that water is one of the most obstinately immovable of all ele-

ments—so immovable that it quickly brings even a bullet to a standstill.

They had never been told one-tenth of the tragedy and disillusionment and heartbreak, disappointment in the moment of victory, defeat when success seemed within grasp, that for thirty years has contributed to the achievement of 120 miles an hour.

Two miles a minute! They cannot even begin to understand what it means.

They do not even realise what a treacherous young lady *Miss England III* has proved—and she far more of a lady than any of her predecessors.

"You can trust yourself to me," she said when they took her for her first trial at Lake Garda last May. If they had it would have meant instant death to Kaye Don.

Every test they put her to on dry land she obeyed. Her response to every request at slow speeds was perfect. They tried her at forty. She was just as well-behaved as she was sleek. At fifty. She was perfect. At sixty. Wonderful.

The Temptress

"Go on—try me at a hundred, a hundred and twenty," she coaxed. "I can do it." And a less brilliant man than Kaye Don might have tried.

Slowly opening her out over this beautiful Italian lake, feeling his way forward as slowly as a blind man who fears there may be a precipice ahead, Kaye Don made the discovery that at the speed she asked of him she would have taken a dive to the bottom, luring him with her.

She was nose heavy by a feather-weight—a minute factor that did not matter at forty, but spelt death at a hundred. And so she was just as so

least, that is how it looked to the thousands of horrified spectators who watched. To Kaye Don it seemed a thousand times more hellish.

The experts were able to tell him afterwards that each crash of her downward fall represented the impact of a motor-car hitting a brick wall at forty miles an hour, of a ton of concrete dropping from a fourth-story window.

They worked all night on her with improvised lighting, Kaye Don, weary-eyed for want of sleep, helping them. And when dawn broke they were able to swear that she was not out in her balance by the weight of a sunbeam.

Then they tried her again, at forty, sixty, a hundred. They would have pushed her out to more, but her pilot sensed a new trick, a subtler artifice.

The scoops collecting water for the fevered engines were not doing their work properly. Before the hair's-breadth changes were made they had been in the right position. Now they were starving the cylinders.

To move them to the only other available place might mean a rush of water that might burst the jackets—but "Never mind, I'll risk it," said Don.

He was actually testing them in their new place when he won the record—which is another thing the cheering crowds knew nothing about.

But then, they knew nothing of the hazards of the race itself. They saw a boat going faster than any other in history, and thought it just the obvious result of getting a propeller to turn faster than ever before.

Yet think what it really meant.

At 125 miles an hour, water is as hard as concrete.

What they called a boat was really a comparatively frail shell packed with machinery—thousands of delicately sensitive parts, of which whirled at speeds metal has never before been called on to endure—eight tons in all.

The slightest error in design would have sent the whole outfit hurtling to

five inches of water when the highest speeds were reached.

Every second Kaye Don sat in the cockpit of *Miss England III*, when she was going at speed, he and his brave little mechanic Garner were risking perils far greater than anything high-speed motorists or air pilots have been called on to face.

Not that this newest *Miss England* is a dangerous boat. There has never been made a boat with a smaller margin of error, a craft whose tricks and fickle-nesses have been so quickly overcome.

Grim Fight

Ever since motor-boating really became a sport, as far back as 1903, there has been danger and heartbreak and tragic disappointment for all its adherents who have sought the Golden Hind of speed.

The first International Trophy race—the race that has developed into a grim fight between America and England year by year for the sea-speed honours of the world—was won in 1903 at seventeen miles an hour. And they thought then that a spill would mean death!

When the war came Britain had only been twice successful, in 1912 and 1913, with Sir Edward Mackay Elgar's *Maple Leaf IV*. And speeds of forty miles an hour were regarded as trysts with death.

As soon as the war ended, Captain Woolf Barnato began his efforts to wrest back the trophy for Britain, spending a fortune in the process, being thrown into the water time and time again, facing all the bitterness of mishaps that came when victory seemed near.

Captain Barnato has known what it means for his craft to shoot into the air like a rocket, turn a somersault and then dive to the bottom, see blackness descend like a sheet, and learn afterwards how he had been hauled out of the water just in time.

Then Betty Carstairs entered the picture. She has spent \$200,000 to make Britain the speed mistress of the sea, and has had amazing bad luck.

Miss Carstairs has been dragged out of

ON WATER!

A frail shell packed with machinery—the fastest thing on water, Miss England III.



Gamble with DEATH

the sea by rescuers long after her boat, which had shown wonderful promise at nearly ninety miles an hour, had touched bottom.

Lady Segrave knew all about the hazards of sea-speeding.

Ever a courageous woman, she was just ordinarily nervous when her husband touched 200 miles an hour on land for the first time. But she had real fear, fear she could not hide, when he sought water records for his country.

On that day in June, 1930, when Sir Henry Segrave lost his life in the act of bringing the record back to Britain with a speed of 98.76 miles an hour, she told of her torturing anxieties, of premonitions she could not fight down.

Miss England struck a mere armful of floating wood and rose into the air as if there had been an earthquake beneath the lake. Then she went down.

Segrave lost his life in wresting the record back from America—and America is Gar Wood as far as motor-boat racing is concerned.

Commander Garfield A. Wood, to give him his full name, has won back the speed record with dreadful monotony

since the war, though every time it has been a gamble with death.

It was after a multitude of set-backs that Segrave won the record back from him at the cost of his life. Then Gar Wood put the figure up again, and things seemed hopeless.

But there was Lord Wakefield left, prepared to give a chance to any Briton who had a reasonable hope. And there was Kaye Don, anxious to seek speed in anything and acutely anxious to put his country on top again.

Born Again

Lord Wakefield had Miss England recovered from the lake bed. He poured out money on reconditioning her. They lined her step with stainless steel to guard against such a disaster as overtook poor Segrave. They cut her a new propeller out of an 80-lb. casting of the finest steel known to metallurgy, machining it out by hand so carefully that a whole squad of picked men spent 350 hours at the task.

Two Schneider Trophy engines were going to join forces in driving that one propeller round at 12,000 revolutions a minute. Nothing but the finest steel could have stood up to it.

In March, 1931, the American put the record up to 100.6 miles an hour, just

on the eve of the Buenos Aires Exhibition, when Britain wanted every record it could get for the sake of its trade prestige in South America.

Prince's Hint

It can be revealed now that it was the Prince of Wales who suggested that if Britain had another attempt in mind the time was now, and the place Buenos Aires. And Lord Wakefield and Kaye Don responded.

Even as they were making their plans Gar Wood raised his own record to 102.55 miles an hour—but they were not dismayed.

On April 3, 1931, with Argentine gunboats marking out a course in the Parana River, and after the Argentine Navy had dragged the waterway clear of wreckage, Kaye Don won the record back for Britain with a speed of 103.49 miles an hour—and lightly left that evening for home.

Gar Wood tried to win the laurels back at once. Nine times he tried, all in one day, until he was so beaten by exhaustion that he could hardly stand. On the seventh dash he got to 103.069 miles an hour, but it was all his America IX could do.

In the meantime Kaye Don, now the holder of the record, was anxious to reach the 110 miles an hour figure. With that in mind, he took Miss England III to Lake Garda.

Disappointment after disappointment dogged him. Then one night a real difficulty arose. New pins had to be cut for the propeller unless he was to go home again with nothing done.

Another Record!

So he jumped into a car and drove through the night to Milan, 90 miles away. When he got there he wondered why they cheered—and then he learned that that winding, hilly road he had just covered in ninety minutes was one of the best-known racing roads in the world, and that he, a man who had never traversed it before, had done it in a minute less than the record time.

But Kaye Don was not to be so fortunate in the speed-boat attempt.

He only reached 98 miles an hour the next day, whereupon Gabrielle D'Annunzio, the eccentric Italian airman-poet, touched Miss England, and said he had bestowed magic upon her. Her speed then dropped to 90!

Next Gabrielle wrote a poem about her. At which her speed dropped to 87!

One day, as Kaye Don went into a huge skid across the surface of the lake, flames pouring from his exhaust as he did so, a thunderous boom shook the valley. D'Annunzio had fired his private gun in salute.

As the speed fell to little more than

80 miles an hour, Kaye Don, who was not at all responsible for fickle Miss England's private opinion of poets, packed up and went home—pursued by another poem.

It could not have been Kaye Don's fault—or Miss England's. For in July, 1931, they went back to Lake Garda together and achieved that 110 miles an hour—110.28, to be exact—which meant touching 112 for the first time.

And in September he went to Detroit, to win back the International Trophy from Gar Wood in a neck-and-neck race over thirty miles.

Much of that will be remembered: how Don won the first of the three heats in easy fashion, to be cheated into virtual disqualification in the second heat.

Gar Wood's plot was a simple one. He schemed to cross the line ahead of time and tempt Kaye Don over with him. Both would be disqualified, and George Wood, Gar's brother, would make a walk-over of it later in a slower boat.

How Miss England got in the wash of the American boat in an effort to catch up, and then crashed to the bottom of the sea, breaking in half as she did so, is also known.

The Sportsman

But what is not known is what Kaye Don thought of Gar Wood. He would never say a word.

Kaye Don understood—and forgave. When Gar Wood went to him later, with tears in his eyes, and said: "Yesterday I had your wash for thirty miles, because yours was the better boat. It somehow broke my spirit. I wanted to give you my wash, and didn't care how it was done," he just seized Kaye Don's hand.

The American Press howled at Gar Wood as a cheat. But Kaye Don, knowing that thirty years of battle for the world's water speed record had taken its toll of men as well as machines, just said: "That's all right, old man. We'll race again."

And next September they will.

Lord Wakefield has already spent more than £100,000 to enable Britain to be represented by a marvellous boat like Miss England III. Tom Thornycroft, greatest of designers, has put his best into the hull. Rolls-Royce have fought down every difficulty to power her with two 2,000-h.p. engines so light and yet so powerful that the newest Miss England is actually lighter per horse power than our Schneider Trophy seaplanes.

And how well they have built. The British workman, best in the world, has toiled night and day to ensure that. He, too, shares in the two-mile-a-minute triumph.

The battle will still go on, with the world's sea speed record as the prize. And Britain will not be deprived of the laurels without a stern struggle.



Miss England III in the making, with Kaye Don lending a hand

Hanner Swaffer's Open Letter to NOEL COWARD

MY DEAR NOEL.—You are the idol of thousands of young people. The Bright Young Things regard you as their justification, for you say all the things they think they think.

More than once I have thought that you have reached the end of your great success. Then, with a courage which I admire, and a persistence which we all applaud, you have gone on, retrieving failure. When we sneered at "Sirocco," which would have shamed some authors into retirement, you wrote "Bitter Sweet."

You have a stage "sense" unique in our time. You say more without saying anything than anybody I have ever known.

Yet witless young people love it, and the paradox of your life is that your one serious achievement, "Post-Mortem," a play which used the return of a dead soldier as something with which to flay the follies of the present-day world, was not written for production, but merely printed as a book.

* * *

The first time I ever heard of you, it all sounded like bravado. But you knew. Although you were not yet twenty-one, you were about to act in your first play, "I'll Leave It to You." Reporters were asked to meet you, and the Press manager who afterwards told me the story began by explaining that you were related to Jimmy Coward, who used to play the organ.

"I am related to myself," you said, interrupting. "I wrote this play. He didn't."

Yes, you were only twenty-one. But you saw through all the bunk, that people had to be related to somebody else before they could be related to themselves.

Before you were twenty-two, you had acted in your second play, "The Young Idea," in the United States!

Before you were twenty-four, Lord Lathom had financed "London Calling," in which you acted after having written some of the songs, some of the sketches and a burlesque of the Sitwell poetry which still makes the Sitwells sit uneasily. When Lathom was dying, neglected, you were closest, the only one who showed gratitude.

Since then, I have seen you applauded. I have heard you booed. I have known you an enormous success and I have watched while, for a time at least, you were a terrible failure.

You have put me into a play, and you have kept me out of a theatre in which



You ARE THE Limit

of opinion with you. They tell, for instance, a story that, when I had seen you play in "The Constant Nymph," I said to you, "Noel, you act better than you write," and you replied "So do you."

I do not remember it happening, but perhaps it is true, even if it didn't.

I am always hearing of your kindly actions. You have found money for friends when they were in trouble, and your cynicism is tempered by a great charm of manner and more grace of bearing than is possessed by any other young man of your type.

This is a shallow age—in politics, in literature, in journalism—and, although you reflect shallowness, for it is around you always, you express it with an ease that is remarkable.

I have seen you booed on the stage more loudly than any other author I know, and yet you smiled and took it like a sportsman. Nor did you, a few months afterwards, when you were making large sums of money every week, hit back and say, "I told you so."

You have no originality that I have

ever seen. The big scene in "The Vortex" reminded me of Hamlet getting angry with his mother. "Easy Virtue" had a plot very similar to that of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." "The Queen was in the ParLOUR" might have been taken from "Rupert of Hentzau."

You have no wit. Your characters merely make "remarks," as I call them, some of them so lacking in taste that I have had two of them removed, while your respectable humour sometimes consists of such backchat as:

"She'll be glad to see you."

"Why?"

"I don't know."

Much of it is so brainless, so shallow and so fatuous that, when I have heard it applauded, I have marvelled at the fact that audiences could endure it for more than five minutes.

Yet young blatherers have blathered and bleated and said, "Isn't Noel wonderful?" It is just the sort of thing they say. So they like you to say it.

In "Home Chat," for instance, there was dialogue like this:

"Life's funny."

"In what way?"

"In lots of ways."

Then there was another lit where they said this:

"You're a fine fellow."

"In what way?"

"You're so tremendously glad."

In "The Rat Trap," one of the characters said, in the first act, "If you talk any more epigrams, I shall scream."

* * *

Nobody talked any epigrams, unless "Will you have a stinker?" is what the youth of to-day calls epigrammatic.

Then, at the end, where they usually put a love scene, you wrote the modern idea of romance.

"Good-night, little bride-so-soon-to-be" was the last line but one. The blushing bride, uttering the last line of all, said, "Swine!"

That brought down the curtain!

The middle classes, and the muddle classes, if they talked like this, would die after hearing the echoes of their own shame. But the successful classes apparently call it brilliant, dazzling!

"Cavalcade" had Seymour Hicks written it—and he is as versatile as you—would have been dismissed as "Drury Lane melodrama." Because it was yours, they called it genius.

Nowadays, every young man is a Coward to his valet. You chose your age more cleverly than your age chose you.

It is an age of limitations and imitations. You are the limit.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,
Lambeth Palace, London

YOUR GRACE,—I deplore your insistence that people must have been baptised before they can be married by the Church.

The Bishop of St. Albans the other day followed your lead, and now a questionnaire is given to young couples who want to be married. If either has not been baptised, they are referred to a register office.

Surely this is hardly in keeping with the charitable teachings of the Church?
JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LORD IRWIN,
President, Board of Education

DEAR LORD IRWIN,—I am sorry to hear that one of your first duties as Minister for Education will be to consider proposals for reducing the number of scholarships granted to poor children.

The suggestion is put forward as a measure of economy. Yes, but it's the sort of economy we don't want.

Economise by getting rid of the officials who made the shameful suggestion!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JUSTICE AVORY,
Gloucester Square, London, W.2

MY LORD,—The Minister of Transport has criticised magistrates for their

leniency to dangerous motorists. You have set them an example by sentencing a drunken driver to eighteen months' hard labour for the manslaughter of a boy.

Equally important, you suspended his driving licence for life.

This is the best cure for drunken and reckless driving.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN,
British Delegation, Ottawa

DEAR SIR,—Last April a deputation from British coalfields urged the Government to consider the possibility of the Navy reverting to coal, which would give an immense fillip to the industry.

Just before leaving for Ottawa you replied that nothing could be done, and there was no point in setting up an enquiry.

Hadn't you heard that the Cunard Company is delighted with its experiments with a mixture of coal and oil? If so, why such an emphatic "No"?
JOHN BULL.

"BUNNY" AUSTIN,
Hampstead, London, N.W.3

DEAR SIR,—You say sport to-day seems to be on an entirely wrong pedestal and what used to be a means of recreation has become a strenuous job of work. I agree.

The Empire was built by generations of fit men—not by a few athletic stars.

"The playing fields of Eton" serve a useful purpose, but they are not the be-all and end-all of existence.

I sincerely hope that, coming from a tennis champion like yourself, your remarks will be seriously considered by the young people of this country.

JOHN BULL.

JAMES HOWARD,
Ambleside, Cumberland

HOWARD,—To call you a brute would insult the so-called lower animals, for the very lowest of them protect their young.

But you left your five little children to starve on a mountain roadside.

You blamed drink for your action. I blame your selfish inhumanity, and am glad you have gone to jail for three months.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. THOMAS GRAVES,
Hoxton, London, E.

DEAR GRAVES,—Passing a London furniture factory, you saw smoke coming from the second floor and immediately dashed inside to warn the workers.

Then, thinking there were others above, you rushed upstairs, burst open a door, and found yourself enveloped in flames and smoke and your retreat cut off.

Luckily, you were rescued by firemen. You deserve a place on my roll of heroes

as a man who is not stopped by danger from helping his fellows.

JOHN BULL.

JUDGE CRAWFORD,
Edmonton County Court, London

DEAR JUDGE,—I applaud your decision in the case of an unemployed ex-Service man when a claim for possession of a bathroom was made at your court.

The bathroom is occupied by the man, his wife and two sons, aged nine and twelve, and they have lived in it for a dozen years.

You would not turn the man into the street and hoped the local council would take no action against the landlady.

Your heart is in the right place, sir!
JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. W. MACNAMARA,
Birmingham

DEAR SIR,—As a boy you sold newspapers in the street, and at fifteen were rushed to Birmingham General Hospital for a serious operation which saved your life. It was performed free in view of your poverty.

At twenty-five, with a capital of £50, you founded a firm which now employs more than 4,000 people.

At thirty-three, you have handsomely paid your debt to the hospital with a cheque for £25,000.

A magnificent record of grit and gratitude!

JOHN BULL.

GERMANY under the SWORD

by A. G.
GARDINER

HINDENBURG has handed over Germany to the Junkers, and Berlin is once more the storm centre of the world. What happens there will have its repercussion everywhere, and on the issue of the struggle hangs the fate of Europe.

No one can forecast that issue.

It may mean the fall of the Republic, and the establishment of a Fascist dictatorship. It may mean the territorial break-up of Germany. It can hardly fail to mean a period of chaos culminating perhaps in civil war.

Much depends on what happens if and when the Reich elections are held. They were fixed to take place next Sunday, but whether they do or are suspended at the last moment, the effect will be potent in mobilising the two great forces in Germany which are now at death grips.

Those forces are the Republican Left, which stands for the Constitution and for Parliamentary government, and the Reactionary Right, which aims at the overthrow of the Republic and the Constitution and the establishment of a monarchical-military dictatorship. The main strength of the Left is the Catholic Centre and the trade union Socialists; the main strength of the Right is the Nazi, or Fascist, following of Herr Hitler.

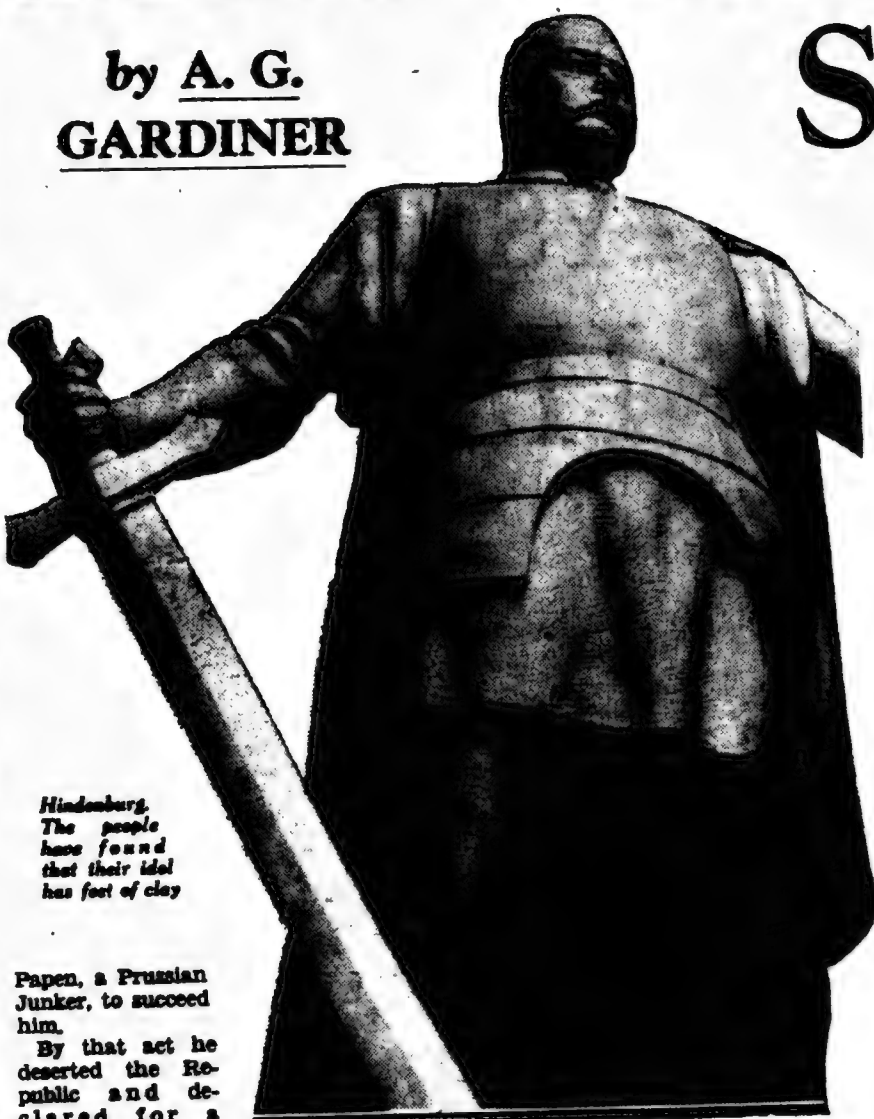
Hindenburg's treachery.

The immediate cause of the clash is the desertion of the Republican cause by Hindenburg. By that desertion he has destroyed the greatest personal legend of the war and the peace—the legend of a fine, simple-minded old soldier, steadfast and loyal to his country, to the common people.

It was in virtue of that legend that he was re-elected to the Presidency of the Republic last spring, when he defeated Hitler, largely through the magnificent efforts of his Chancellor, Dr. Brüning.

For a few weeks after that victory he was faithful to the cause of the Republic. He made war on Hitler and his Nazi army. He forbade the wearing of the Nazi uniform, and broke up the military centres of the Hitler organisation which were spreading terrorism through Germany.

Then something happened. The old man went for a holiday in East Prussia, fell among the Junkers who were infuriated at Brüning's policy of breaking up the great estates in Prussia, threw over his Chancellor and appointed Von



Hindenburg.
The people
have found
that their idol
has feet of clay

Papen, a Prussian Junker, to succeed him.

By that act he deserted the Republic and declared for a dictatorship.

Having beaten Hitler at the polls, he handed over to him the fruits of his victory. For though Von Papen is not a member of the Hitler party, he is with it in its opposition to the Weimar Constitution and depends on it for his popular backing.

All that has happened since followed inevitably upon Hindenburg's treachery. The Nazis were given back their uniforms, the storm troops reappeared to terrorise the towns, almost daily battles with the Communists ensued, deaths were numbered by the score.

And having thus, by this deliberate encouragement of the Nazis, reduced many of the German towns to a shambles, Hindenburg has practically destroyed the Constitution and put Prussia

armed in the midst of armed nations increased the revolt against the Republic and the Government.

That revolt began immediately after the war. The Republic was attacked on one side by the Communists who wanted Bolshevism; on the other by the reactionaries who wanted militarism, monarchism or a dictatorship.

I was in Germany in 1920 when the Communists tried to smash the Republic in the Ruhr and in Bavaria, while Kapp, in Berlin, was trying to smash it in the interests of a military dictatorship, and I shall not forget the fever and the nightmare of those experiences. Hitler and Ludendorff repeated the attack on the Republic in 1923, and were again beaten off.

Hitler's might

But in the end Hitler began to make headway. The people were weary and hopeless.

Some turned to Communism, but far more to Hitler and his heady Fascism. Bavaria, where he began his activities, turned against him, but in Prussia his popularity has grown by leaps and bounds. In the Prussian elections a couple of months ago his party was the most numerous returned, and though it was not strong enough to seize the government it was strong enough to send Hindenburg over to the other side and bring the coup d'état of last week.

And now the two forces face each other for the final grapple. On which side do the chances of victory lean? Against the Republic are the Hitlerites with the Stahlhelm Nationalists to their right. For the Republic are the Centre and the trade union Socialists with the Communists to their left.

The Communists are merely disruptive and cannot be reckoned in the strength on which the Republic can rely. It is the Catholic Centre and Socialist block which can alone save the Constitution and Parliamentary government.

It is probable, though not certain, that Hitler will outweigh them at the polls (I am assuming that the election will be held). But it is by no means certain that, should the victory go for the enemies of the Republic, Von Papen and Hitler would see eye to eye as to what should be done with it. But Von Papen is the dictator. He holds the sword.

The last throw

But that does not settle the matter. The Catholic Centre will stand firm by the Republic and the trade unionists have a formidable weapon in reserve. Labour is a powerful and disciplined body, and Dr. Breitscheid has it well in hand. He is reserving his fire until it is clear that the Republic is losing. Then he will discharge his bolt in the shape of a general strike.

It is a desperate weapon, and it will not be used until all else has failed. What its effect would be, who can say? Civil war probably. Chaos certainly. But there will be that in any case.

There is another factor in the fight. Bavaria and Southern Germany generally are decisively for the Republic. They may not outweigh the adverse vote of Prussia, but their moral influence is important. Even Von Papen will think twice before he invites the disintegration of Germany.

The peril is great, but I think the balance of chances is in favour of the Republic. The stability of the German middle and working class has stood many a shock. It will survive this one.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.— Sir Arbuthnot Lane on—

IT'S a long lane has no turning.
But I'm not a Lane like that;
I am, as you may well observe,
A Lane with many a graceful curve
Not met with in the fat.

So the gossip-writers mention,
When a party I attend,
My contours, and admire the style
My clothes hang; while the ladies smile
As o'er their hands I bend.

Thus, although I am no chicken,
I can tread the social stage
As fits a well-graced actor. Why?
The secret's very simple—I
Don't carry weight for age.

"If I were asked to mention the best-dressed man," chortled a gossip-writer in describing a recent social function, "I should give the palm to Sir Arbuthnot Lane, who wore a silver-grey suit, beautifully cut, and a high collar; and no actor has ever donned more shapely, more perfectly-creased trousers."

I suppose if I were less well-established in the medical world, the General Medical Council might accuse me of "infamous conduct" in using my own figure to advertise myself. Happily, however,

nothing of the kind is likely to happen. I do not aspire to be a Beau Brummel or to compete with beauty actors and henners for the favour of gossip-writers. It is simply that I favour fitness before fatness, and I esteem it to be my duty to practise as a private citizen what I preach as a public character, in my capacity as president of the New Health Society.

This is why I have given my blessing to the slimming craze that has broken out among members of my sex. I am no politician, but when I see middle-aged men going about looking like peripatetic bow-windows I cannot help feeling that the anti-waist campaign has been carried too far.

What woman has done man can do in the matter of remoulding the human shape nearer to the heart's desire. It is, indeed, high time that the manhood of England—even though it may involve City men in the semi-starvation of not more than five meals a day—resolved to rid itself of its excess avoirdupois.

Naturally, I cannot guarantee that every man who goes in for slimming will become a source of delight to gossip-writers. But let none be discouraged.

The Folly of FAT

In the words of "The Belle of New York": "Of course, you can never be like me; but be as like me as you're able to be."

I hate to see a ventripotent male
Whose eyes for years have never seen
his feet;

It's for such I keep on hymning,
Loud and clear, my praise of slim-
ming;

For when nearer to the bone more
sweet's the meat.

The stallion is more handsome than the
mare,

The peacock far more lovely than the
hen;

And when it becomes *de rigueur*
For each man to have a "figure,"

Then a reference to "the fair sex" will
mean "men."

The roast beef of Old England may have
made

Us what we are—well, look at it, and
grin!

In this country democratic,
I declare in terms emphatic

For the principle: "One citizen, one
chill!"

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS looks into this—



MYSTERY HOUSE of HEALING

IT is my duty this week to deal with the claims of a remarkable medico from abroad, about whom I have for some time past been receiving enquiries.

He is Doctor Shavros Constantine Damaglou, of Park Square House, Regent's Park, London, and he apparently boasts a skill and knowledge in treating certain "incurable" cases which are denied the highest medical authorities in the country.

Constantinople is his home, but presumably he prefers to dispense his blessings in a foreign land, though why he should have chosen this country for this especial favour I do not pretend to know.

To begin with, he puts himself at an immense disadvantage immediately he seeks to practise in England, because the medical qualifications he claims, while possibly valid enough in Turkey, are quite unrecognised here.

As he comes from Turkey, calls himself a Greek and practises in England, it is clear that he is a man of cosmopolitan ideals. His honours, too, according to his literature, have been won in Belgium, France, Germany, Austria and Spain.

My quandary

As set forth by him in print they appear decidedly impressive, but I may as well be quite blunt and say that they have no medical significance. For the most part they simply relate to various meetings he attended round about the years 1910 and 1914.

So when readers write to ask whether I can advise them regarding Dr. Damaglou's stupendous claims I am in somewhat of a quandary.

No particulars of his Turkish qualifications are given beyond the vague description: "M.D. Cons/ple."

So Dr. Damaglou, while competing with British medical men, does so in a highly original manner, and he does not scruple to advertise.

Properly registered doctors who may have spent many hundreds of pounds on their training must be known, if at all, solely by their works; this unregistered healer can shout his own praises from the house-tops—and that he is doing with a vengeance.

He is now seeking to attract attention as the founder of a new medical treatment, which he terms "Kosmos." He has a great deal to say about it, but if much of his self-eulogy is unintelligible to lay minds, it is at least characteristic of the man.

Several years ago, when he first came

to this country, he was boasting a cure called "the Health-sanity of Bio-medico-psychological Science" and was then accused of "moving in a cloud of words and functioning in a fog of sentences."

But he has grown much more ambitious since then, and apart from his Regent's Park address, has established a "Kosmos" colony at Sharnbrook, in Bedfordshire.

Listen to one of his stupendous pronouncements about his present aims:

"Kosmos, the hope of the world's incurable children and adolescents for their amelioration or cure, owes its

far as to display a printed list of confiscated articles and to promise to use his influence to secure anything that the landlady might require.

The transaction, however, must be carried through wittily, and it would be necessary to hand over cash in advance.

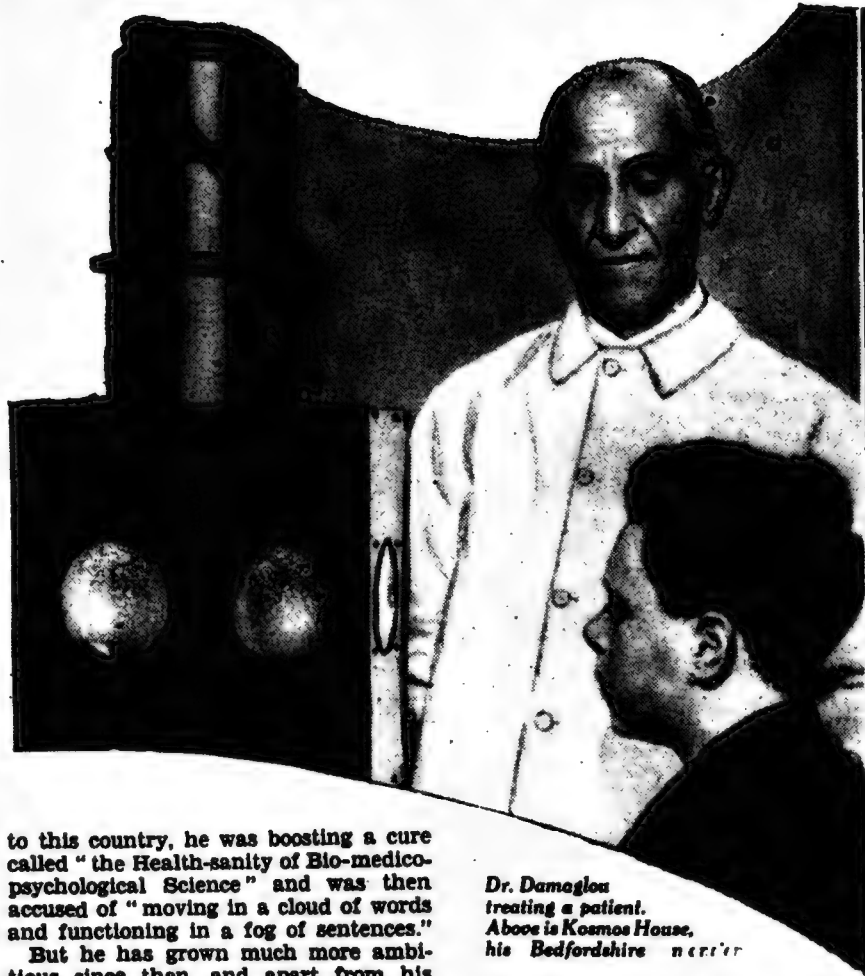
In this way he pocketed over £5 and rushed off to "snap up the bargains."

Of course, he never came back, and the landlady now realises that, apart from giving free board and lodging to an impostor, she has been cleverly robbed.

She is only one of the many victims who have complained lately.

Although Egan's claims are entirely false, he has somehow acquired an official Customs list, the possession of which lends colour to his plausible stories.

He must be stopped.



Dr. Damaglou treating a patient. Above is Kosmos House, his Bedfordshire retreat.

origin to the ardent, burning, compassionate desire of the Founder (i.e., himself!) to give an end to the crying tragedy of nearly a million children of school age in England and Wales who are too ill to attend any school, private or public, and those suffering from arrested development, backwardness, bad habits, blindness, catarrh, deafness, dumbness, epilepsy, heart trouble, irritability, malnutrition, neurosis, paralysis, rheumatism, rickets, skin, spinal curvature, tubercular glands, joints, etc., etc., as well as to meet the heartbreaking hopelessness of hundreds of thousands of young invalids seeking relief from agonising pain and suffering without hope of recovery after they have been under the most eminent consulting physicians and specialists here in this country—and all over the Continent—for many years."

I make no apology for inflicting this terrible sentence upon my readers, and I have purposely quoted it in full to show that the former charge of "moving in a fog" is still sustained.

Had I the space, I could quote a great deal more to illustrate the high opinion that the founder of "Kosmos" has of himself and how he is prepared to arrange a sliding scale of fees to suit all classes of patients.

But if he can really do so much for incurables, does it not seem a pity that

he should be ignored? Surely his knowledge should be made available for the whole medical profession?

What are the real facts? What secrets lie within his mystery house of healing?

I know of some cases where he has failed dismally.

One is that of a middle-aged woman who is quite blind. Chancing to hear of Dr. Damaglou's miraculous claims she went to consult him with renewed hopes.

Later, the doctor boasted that "new eyes" had grown under his treatment. It was a cruel lie, for no good ever resulted.

Banana oil!

In another case, a young man suffering from partial blindness eagerly turned to this wizard from the East, who prescribed such strange things as beet-root and bananas boiled in oil! This startlingly original, and doubtless very excellent diet, produced no curative benefit at all!

A demand from the disappointed patient for the return of his fees produced no benefit, either!

But Dr. Damaglou is unabashed by such failures; he is content to ignore those and to boast scores of successes which, he declares, are open to full investigation by skilled medical men.

When I recently began to receive queries about his alleged cures and complaints from members of his staff, I sent a representative to interview Dr. Damaglou.

The doctor was even more bombastic and emphatic than in his literature and made a statement which I regard as one of the most impudent challenges ever made to the British medical profession. He said:

"I offer to treat free of charge twelve children of school age who are totally blind and certified as incurable by the most eminent oculists in this country, and let a committee follow their progress and report on them."

Wanted—a challenge

It is a pity that the authorities cannot take up this challenge, because failure to do so will leave Dr. Damaglou in a position to boast that he has given the British medical profession full facilities for testing his claims.

I know that when he was recently granted a massage licence a lot of people jumped to the conclusion that he had received official recognition.

Yet the truth is that the licence was only granted on the strict understanding that if he gave electrical treatment, which was then a great feature of the "Kosmos" cure, he must do so under the supervision of a qualified medical practitioner.

It is significant that he has now dropped the electrical side of "Kosmos," declaring that he does not need the advice of other doctors!

So long as he makes his stupendous claims unchallenged he is bound to attract large numbers of desperate sufferers, who will not be deterred by the fact that his Turkish qualifications are not recognised here. But Dr. Damaglou will be answerable to no governing body as are our own registered practitioners.

Could any situation be more deplorable?

The Man from the States

LANDLADIES should be on their guard against a bustling individual who calls himself A. D. Egan, and who speaks with a marked American accent.

He is very pleasant-mannered, but has already cleverly defrauded a number of people with whom he has obtained temporary lodging.

His favourite pose is that of a United States Customs official, over here for the express purpose of studying Customs methods and co-operating with our own officials.

When he gets to know a prospective victim fairly well he hints at the exceptional opportunities which are placed in his way for obtaining confiscated goods at astonishingly cheap rates.

He speaks enthusiastically of bargains he has seen picked up in this way, and offers to obtain similar bargains for his landlady.

At Plymouth recently he even went so

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The CATHEDRAL CROOK who is...

A Dangerous LADIES' MAN

ENTER the cathedral crook—otherwise Major Derek Cooper, M.C., military attaché at the War Office, and a fine English gentleman!

He is not a product of sensational fiction, but a daring rogue who preys chiefly upon women, and who has been notorious on one occasion or another in places as scattered as Chester, Salisbury, Stafford, Leeds and Lynn.

Two of his latest victims are American women who recently arrived in this country on a holiday tour. When they landed they were in possession of considerable sums of money; to-day, as a result of making the acquaintance of Major Derek Cooper, they are penniless and stranded.

Their troubles date to a day when a dignified, soldierly stranger bowed to them in Winchester Cathedral and rhapsodised upon the beauty of that wondrous old-world setting.

The perfect gentleman

So eloquently did he discourse about the splendid cathedral that he held his listeners spellbound. He seemed to be a veritable mine of knowledge, and to the mind of the two visitors from America he quite eclipsed any official guide they had ever heard.

Moreover, his gracious manner and courteous air were so in keeping with the dignified background that it was delightful to be escorted through the historic cathedral and shown so many things that the guidebook apparently omitted.

Finally, with due decorum, the stranger proffered his card, and, learning that his new acquaintances were staying in London, expressed a hope that he could be privileged to meet them again.

A few days later he actually invited the tourists to dine with him at a London hotel, and in evening dress he appeared still more distinguished and attractive.

Over the meal Major Cooper spoke most interestingly on subjects calculated to appeal to his guests; he knew all the cathedral cities, apparently, and was able to offer his guests friendly hints about the things they "really must see" during their trip.

He confided that though he was a much-travelled man, and his home was in Australia, he was at present a military attaché at the War Office.

While his new friends remained in

London the charming Major Cooper played the part of escort, taking them round with him on interesting sight-seeing tours and entertaining them royally at various fashionable restaurants and hotels.

When he came to know them better he urged them to make a tour of the cathedral cities with him, and outlined a plan he had in mind, which involved the purchase of a smart saloon car.

The American visitors were so enthusiastic that they insisted upon sharing the costs, and as the Major declared that he was just off to conclude the purchase paid over money on the spot.

He duly arrived in a very handsome saloon, for which he had engaged a chauffeur; and now began to play his cards swiftly and adroitly.

As their tour might be prolonged indefinitely, he advised them not to leave too many valuables behind them at their hotel or to take more than were absolutely essential with them upon the road.

"London is always seething with expert international thieves during the busy tourist season," he confided, "and you can't be too careful."

A friendly offer

Nor did he advocate leaving treasured possessions in hotel safes. "Anyone can open those trumpery, tin-pot affairs," he said sagely. "If you'll take my advice you'll lodge everything at the bank, or, if you like, I'll lock the things in my departmental safe at the War Office till we get back; then your mind will be at rest."

Of course, the visitors appreciated his friendly offer and accepted it, without question, entrusting wads of dollar bills, passports and miscellaneous jewellery and valuables to his keeping.

But all this was mere spade work in the Major's ulterior scheme. From the first he had been paying special attention to one of the women, and now he proposed marriage and was accepted.

Blithely they discussed the future, planning to settle in England. The Major said that he would resign his War Office appointment and cut all his

Winchester Cathedral, within whose walls Cooper made the first move in his clever swindling game

Australian ties. What more blissful, he asked, than to found a home in his old University town of Oxford, in that old-world atmosphere each loved so well?

The tour of the cathedral cities was postponed for the moment, and they made a trip to Oxford with the supposed intention of looking round for their future home.

Vanished love

The three of them made their headquarters at a local hotel, and the search for the love-nest began.

Then, one morning, the Major ordered the chauffeur to bring round their car, having previously announced his intention of motoring to London to hand in his resignation at the War Office.

He was driven away, promising to return for dinner that evening; and

that was the last the two Americans saw of him!

It now transpires that he dismissed the chauffeur before leaving Oxford, and that he had not bought the car at all, but had obtained it on hire-purchase terms.

And apart from the cash and valuables entrusted to his care in London he also helped himself, before finally leaving his victims stranded, to the balance of their possessions.

All his stories were, of course, founded on lies, for he is a polished swindler who has imposed upon numerous wealthy women in this way.

Not long ago he visited a widow of means whose son is a military cadet, and, giving his name as Herbert Franklyn, pretended to be an officer who had her boy's welfare at heart.

He said it was his painful duty to inform her that the lad had thoughtlessly got himself into trouble over a cheque; but he was interesting himself and felt confident that he would be able to get her son out of this scrape.

It would be necessary, however, to brief a barrister, and as he had already exhausted his own funds he felt that he must approach the mother to ensure that the young man was adequately represented.

Mother tricked

He said he had come in mufti because his visit must be regarded as unofficial. The distressed mother fully believed his clever story and handed him the money he demanded.

Actually, his allegations were utterly untrue, and a more heartless fraud would be difficult to imagine.

In much the same sort of way Cooper, alias Franklyn, got into touch with the wife of a well-to-do provincial man who happened to be in jail awaiting trial on a criminal charge.

He professed to be able to help her husband with his defence and also to secure preferential treatment for him while he was in custody.

To induce his victim to raise money on certain securities he next had the ingenuity to stage a meeting between her and a prison officer in the street! Actually, the officer was quite innocent, but was lured to the spot by Cooper on a very different pretext.

But the distressed wife was bluffed and handed over the securities to Cooper for conversion.

Yet another of his dupes is to be found in the person of a young woman to whom he made love and proposed marriage solely to obtain her savings.

His record where women are concerned is appalling, and apart from his widespread and diversified frauds he has the distinction of having posed as a H.M. inspector of prisons!

The Human Machine

THE LAST LAUGH

IT is a common failing of humanity to resent in others what we do not happen to have ourselves. Weak people not infrequently jeer at strength, though all the time they wish they had the character they pretend to despise.

Sneers mostly denote envy and smallness of mind. The man who can rely on himself and who is fully aware of his strength has no time for picking holes in others. He is too busy being a man-sized man.

Real manhood knows nothing of boasting or bravado. True manhood implies a combination of physical and moral courage, modesty, coolness and common-sense, a willingness and readiness to protect the weak and help the helpless, and a steady determination to endeavour always to do right. And the hallmark of the true man is, above all else, that he is never in much doubt as to what "right" is.

There are always plenty of fools in the world who cannot understand either ambition or sincerity, plenty of people swinishly content with the low levels of life and anxious to prevent anyone who tries to rise.

Let them sneer and jeer—but don't let their sneers and jeers hinder your progress. If you are a real man you can afford to ignore them, to smile at their antics as you pass by.

To learn—and keep on learning; to think—and keep on thinking; to plan—and keep on planning: these are the evidences of a man who knows exactly what he wants and who will get it in time.

And man-size men know the full value of time. They use it. They never waste it.

If you conscientiously fit yourself for your place in life by any means you can, that is enough. Other people can think what they will. It is you who will have the last laugh.

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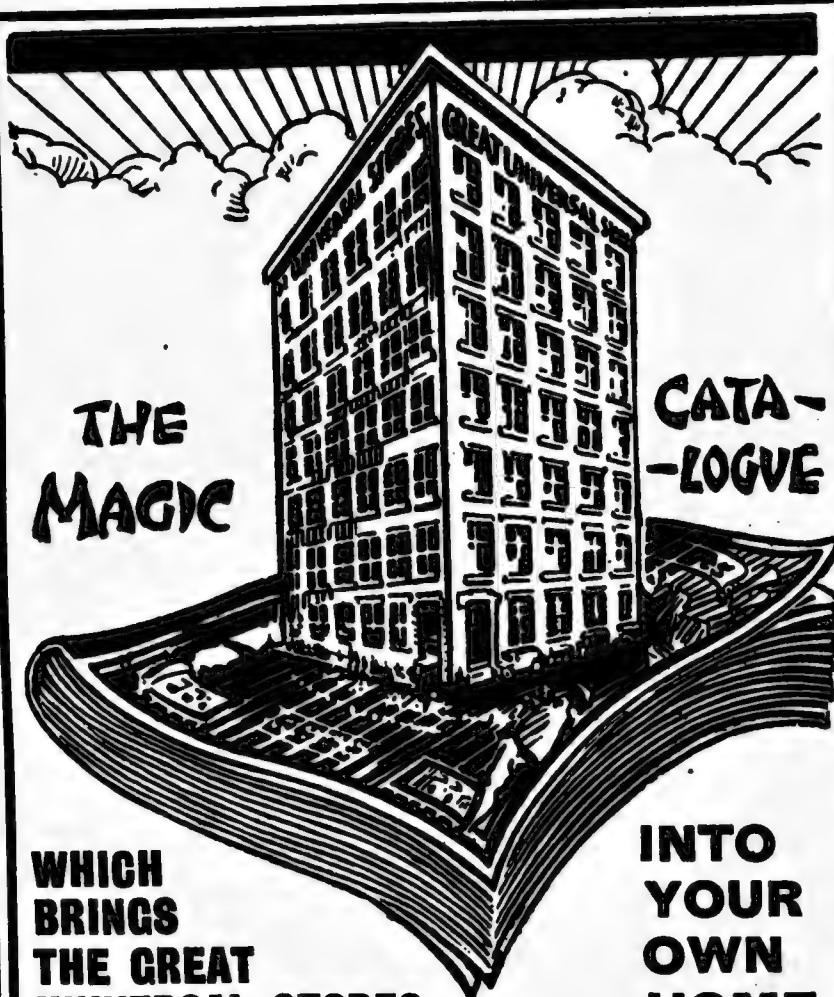
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MOTHER of SORROWS

-A TRIPLE ASYLUM ATROCITY

THERE seems to be no end to the tragedies that are coming to light as a result of our series of exposures of the scandalous methods of the Board of Lunacy Control in holding great numbers of sane people in perpetual bondage.

Fathers and mothers especially write telling us how their little ones have been taken away from them, usually on the most trumped-up excuses and almost invariably on the pretext that a change of surroundings for a brief period will benefit their health.

Instead, they are cast into asylums and pass into the custody of the atrocious Board of Control, which rarely gives back the young and helpless innocents who are caught in its net.

Three girl victims

In most instances these parents have had only one child stolen from them—a boy or girl who, perhaps, made slow progress at school, committed some misdemeanour, or suffered from a physical disability or weakness.

Any of these things is regarded by the Board of Control's agents as a good enough reason to remove a child from its home, certify it as mentally defective, and have it put away for lifelong imprisonment.

But here is a case in which a mother, a widow, has had her whole family of

three daughters wrested from her without proper cause.

She is Mrs. Weston, of 15, Bermondsey Street, Shieldfield, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

None of her daughters, so long as the Board of Control is allowed to continue its savage administration, is ever likely to return to her.

One of them, indeed, is now beyond recall, having died recently in an asylum, at the age of thirty, after twenty years' imprisonment.

Her name was Helen, and, bereft of home love and care and ordinary human associations, she gradually pined away in her long captivity until death brought release.

When Helen was a child of ten she played truant from school a number of times, and that, together with the fact that she had been subject occasionally to fits, was considered sufficient justification for her detention.

It is deplorable that the lunacy bandits of this country should have the power, which they so often use, of seizing children like Helen, who suffer only from fits, and confining them in places supposed to exist for the reception of the insane.

We mention the circumstances of her twenty years' incarceration only to illustrate the iniquitous cruelty with which Mrs. Weston's two other daughters were subsequently treated.

Not long after Helen was placed in the asylum, her twin sister, Elizabeth, came home one day with a purse, which, when she was questioned by her mother, she admitted having taken from a stall in the market place.

Sentenced for life

Mrs. Weston did not hesitate to take proper action. She went with the child to the police station and made the theft known, so that the purse could be returned to the owner.

The mother was prepared to have her daughter fittingly punished, believing that the girl would be brought before a magistrate and admonished.

Not for a moment did the poor woman dream that this child, too, would be snatched from her to serve a life sentence. That, however, was what happened.

Lunacy officers called at the house

and said they had discovered that Elizabeth's twin sister had been put in the asylum not long before.

"Ha!" they gloated before the mother. "It must be a case of hereditary mental deficiency."

So they took Elizabeth away and placed her also in an asylum.

That was nearly twenty years ago. Elizabeth is now a healthy, robust woman of thirty, but she is still there.

Mrs. Weston was left with one daughter, Margaret, who is now nineteen.

When she left school this girl got a temporary post as a nursemaid, and was practically her widowed mother's sole support.

Margaret had an independent spirit, and when she lost her job, at the age of sixteen, she refused to be a burden to her mother and went to Whitley Bay to look for work.

Hawks swoop again

None was to be found, and three days later Mrs. Weston met her daughter in the street.

She implored her to return home, but Margaret said she was determined not to do so until she could again earn enough to support herself.

Foolishly, as it proved, the mother asked a passing policeman to use his influence in persuading the girl to go home with her. When Margaret still refused, the officer told her to accompany him to the police station, where she was officially recorded as "homeless and found wandering."

The lunacy hawks scented prey and swooped down.

As Margaret already had two sisters imprisoned in asylums, they argued, she also must be a fit and proper person to be locked up with them.

First, however, they submitted her to a sanity test. It consisted of two questions—how many public monuments and memorials were to be found in Newcastle, and how many wheels were there on a railway locomotive?

Margaret failed to answer satisfactorily, and she, too, was branded as mentally deficient and sent to join her sisters in captivity. She has been in the asylum for three years.

They pray for death

Is it to be wondered at that in their letters to their mother of sorrows these two women pray that death may visit them and give them freedom, as it has done to their sister?

In the asylum Elizabeth is employed as nurses' servant and general drudge, and Margaret as a machinist. As payment, they receive one bar of chocolate each per week.

When representations were made to the Board of Control that the women would be better at liberty supporting their aged mother, who is now dependent on poor-law relief, the astonishing reply was given that there is too much unem-

something like £4,000; but, alas! what was money, after all? It could not bring her darling Louise back to her!

So convincingly did she play her part that the management permitted her account to run on, and even obliged her by advancing various sums "to tide her over" until her legacy came through.

Then, when she had strained their sympathy and generosity to the limit, she simply walked out one morning and never returned!

Every phase of her story was found to be false.

Nor is Gloucester the only place where her victims are to be found. Far from it! The path of her plundering progress may be traced through Gosport, Plymouth, Maidstone, Hull, Ryde, Nuneaton, Birmingham and Newport.

It is time she was checked.



Mrs. Weston, the mother of sorrows



Elizabeth Weston. Twenty of her thirty years of life have been spent in an asylum

A Self-Helping Sister

A MYTHICAL sister, whom she kills off with astonishing frequency, forms the chief stock-in-trade of a plausible adventuress named Agatha Clarke, who is at present touring the country in great style.

Only the other day she was a conspicuous figure among the guests of a Gloucester hotel, where she became the subject of much pity.

She looked so tragically alone, and to the hotel management she confided that the object of her visit was to confer with local solicitors who were winding up the estate of her dear departed sister Louise.

Almost daily she went out for the ostensible purpose of conferring with the solicitors, whom she named, and she often reported the progress that was being made.

The estate, it seemed, amounted to

something like £4,000; but, alas! what was money, after all? It could not bring her darling Louise back to her!

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ployment in the outside world to send them back into it.

Any excuse seems good enough for the merciless Board of Control to make and keep its prisoners.

Now consider the equally appalling case of little Ernest Smith Peakman, whose mother lives at Charles Avenue, Easy Road, Leeds. He has been in an asylum for two years.

At the age of eight, Ernest also suffered from fits, and his mother was induced to surrender him, in the belief that he was to go to a home in the country for a few months of medical treatment.

A week later the mother went to Rampton, in Nottinghamshire, where the "home" was situated, and to her horror found it was a notorious asylum built to receive criminal lunatics.

An infant of eight imprisoned in such surroundings among maniacs and perverts! It is almost inconceivable.

Wounded boy

Yet it appears from the Board of Control's replies to the distracted mother's appeals that he will be there for ever.

During his two years' imprisonment the little boy has been regularly visited by his mother, but, as is always the case at this awful place, she is only allowed to speak to him with an attendant present.

Twice she has been distressed to observe ugly wounds on his body, and on the last occasion her son told her, regardless of the watching warder, that they were caused by an insane inmate, who bit him savagely.

Ernest is, of course, registered as a mental deficient, although his only affliction was childish fits.

The absurdity of his imprisonment in a lunacy establishment will be apparent from the following report from his school:

"In intellectual attainments, Ernest was ahead of every other child, and took the greatest interest in his work. We (his teachers) had no evidence of any vicious tendencies or mental deficiency."

To-day the asylums of Britain are largely populated by victims of official tyranny and callousness, like this boy and the Weston sisters.

When will the public awaken to the magnitude of this, the worst scandal in our social life?

The Alarm against the FIRE FIENDS

HOW many people, if asked to name the most prevalent crimes, would include arson in their list?

Yet, in the opinion of the experts — underwriters, insurance inspectors and assessors—nearly 50 per cent. of the larger fires which take place in this country yearly is wilfully inspired!

It sounds incredible, yet an examination of facts and figures reveals why arson can be one of the most profitable crimes.

The ravages of fire cost this country £50,000,000 during last year alone, so if the official estimate is correct it will be realised that nearly half this vast sum is lost through the fire fakers.

And this in spite of the fact that the authorities have built up a wonderful detective organisation and almost any assessor can detect the bungling work of an amateur in one glance at the smouldering ruins.

But while the cause and origin of every possible type of fire has been made a subject of exacting study by the authorities, there is in existence a gang of rogues who have similarly studied the other side of the question—that is, how to start fires that appear natural.

The individual at their head, whose name is a byword in all the big insurance offices, is known to have obtained £2,500,000 as the proceeds of "black fires" within the past ten years.

When he makes a

false move some startling disclosures will be revealed. His day of reckoning must surely come, for the authorities have long been engaged in compiling evidence against him.

Although arson is the most difficult crime of all to prove to the satisfaction of a judge and jury, and although more than £7,945,600 was paid out in fire insurance during the past twelve months, quite double that sum was unsuccessfully claimed.

A fire which occurred in the North not long ago destroyed a large shop. Its contents were insured with three separate companies for many thousands of pounds.

The perpetrators, when they presented their policies at the insurance office, little thought that details of the whole plot had been obtained by the chief of the department some weeks beforehand.

The enquiry that was made into the circumstances did not produce sufficient evidence to warrant a prosecution, but it is significant that the decision to withhold the moneys was not contested in the High Court.

Not that it is as easy to start a fire that will baffle the authorities as is sometimes imagined.

When some months ago a fire

broke out in a small kinema in Gordon Street, Luton, the roof was blown off, and the flames were noticed to be following certain defined lines along the gangways and in the orchestra pit.

The expert who examined the building after the fire had been put out was able to prove that an explosion, caused by paraffin or petrol, had occurred within the enclosed interior of the building.

Those responsible had not bargained for the fact that the fumes would remain long after the fire had been quenched, any more than they had for the explosion.

The investigation was conducted by Mr. J. H. Kaye, a well-known fire assessor who acts for such important concerns as the Prudential and Sun assurance companies. It resulted in the offenders receiving long terms of imprisonment.

The Fire Sleuths

Roylance, the proprietor of the kinema, went to penal servitude for four years, and his confederates, Hardy and Rogers, were punished in accordance with their degree of guilt.

The investigators who attend the scene of an "insured" fire immediately after it has been quenched acquire an instinct for arson. In addition to which they become ac-

Arson!
A lighted match—a factory ablaze—the smouldering ruins—and a small fortune in insurance money for the "fire-bug"



Set Light to £25,000,000 a Year



quainted with all the arts and wiles of the "fire bug."

They find out the nature of the stock, and why it was that it burned up so quickly in so short a time; where the fire began, and why, for instance, did nobody observe smoke issuing from the windows before flames were seen.

They know that most chemicals can be scented even after they have taken fire. They want to know whether the claimant has ever received moneys on a fire policy before, and what is his financial position.

In one instance, a warehouse which was supposed to contain five thousand bales of wool, burst into flames. The assessor, reasoning to himself that wool should have smouldered, pursued his enquiries, and found that rubbish had been substituted for the valuable goods for which damages were claimed.

A Huddersfield master-joiner named Hawksworth who insured his stock for five times its true value was proved to have poured an inflammable liquid through holes in the floor, and so caused a fire which destroyed the workshops. He was sentenced to three years' penal servitude only a month or two ago.

Cunning Ruse

The "black fires" made by the arsonists are frequently staged with great ingenuity. One "fire bug" cut the insulations covering the telephone wires at a point where they crossed, and placed material underneath which had been soaked in oil.

After the doors of his premises had been locked and all the work-people had gone home for the night, he went to a call-box and obtained his office number. Sparks from the fused wires did the rest.

But the telephone wires, for some inexplicable reason, remained untouched by the fire that occurred, and the knife marks were plainly visible. The arsonist had spoken to a policeman as he left the call-box, and under cross-examination the whole plot came out.

Many suspicious fires before now have been found to have been caused by clockwork apparatus. Another favoured method is to leave buckram smouldering upon a floor sprinkled with nitre, the latter substance being very difficult to quench once it has taken light.

The experts who follow the fire-fighters have ways of detecting most means of starting bogus fires, and

some of the tests they make are well-nigh infallible. The old dodge of leaving beeswax upon a gas-ring to boil over and ignite is one of many known to them.

The arson gangs are well aware that the authorities are conversant with most of their tricks; also with the fact that celluloid will take fire although it is submerged in water.

Some idea of the risks taken by "fire bugs" who use petrol will be understood when we say that a pint bottle filled with the spirit is precisely eighty-five times more devastating than a pound of dynamite!

Russian Arson Gang

Professional arsonists are not often as crude as one "victim" of a fire who met the brigade officials with the insurance policy in his hand! The subsequent investigation resulted in his being sent to prison.

Another offender, John Miller, of Glasgow, relied upon a man named Munro to set fire to his stock—supposed to be cloth, insured for £1,000—but his confederate turned King's evidence and Miller was sent to penal servitude for five years. Waste paper had been substituted for the insured goods.

The most notorious partnership in crime known to the police in recent years was dissolved not long ago, when three Russians, known as the Engelstein gang, were sentenced for arson at the Old Bailey.

They had created one hundred and fifty fires, in respect of which they had collected insurance money.

They operated among cabinet-makers, and, getting small men into their clutches by means of loans advanced on mortgage, insisted upon a fire policy being taken up before they arranged a fire.

The Tempters

Detective-Inspector Kirchner, of Scotland Yard, went to work in one furniture-making factory as an assistant, and thus obtained the evidence necessary to convict the rogues.

The leading gang now known to be operating has been responsible for an even larger number of fires than was the Engelstein gang.

It employs a tout to watch county court registers for shaky tradesmen, who are baited with tempting stories of the money to be made out of a fake fire.

A second member of the gang approaches the dupe and makes an offer, another starts the fire, a fourth assesses the damage.

In many instances the insurance companies have been obliged to pay out even though they are privately

certain that a "black fire" has occurred.

Direct losses by fire are equivalent to a tax of £1 a head for every family in Great Britain.

Fire is costing the nation more in these times of idle factories and stagnant trade than it did during the busiest period of the war, when there was the added danger of air raids and munition factory explosions!

The annual cost to the nation is greater by nearly £15,000,000 now than it was then. During the first two months of this year it was £32,000 a day.

One fact regarding fire stands out with astounding prominence. In the square mile known as the City of London "black fires" are practically unheard of.

This is undoubtedly because all fires, whether or not they are attended by loss of life, have been, since the Great Fire of 1666, subject to an "inquest."

Surely this is argument for the adoption of a similar rule throughout the country?—a rule which, unfortunately for the insurers, does not apply elsewhere in Great Britain.

A Terrible Loss

Whether fire be due to an accident, to carelessness, or to the wanton activities of the "fire bugs," the goods lost are gone for all time. Neither by stealing, nor bankruptcy, railway disaster nor shipwreck is the loss of property so absolute.

It cost the citizens of London £617,000 during the past twelve months, those of Birmingham £155,261, and those of Edinburgh £39,000.

There is a great need for the rationalisation of the fire-prevention services. Operating in England, Scotland, Northern Ireland and in Wales are 960 separate units, and it is often reported how brigades have failed to respond to alarms because, they say, the fire is outside their radius.

It often occurs, again, that brigades are called out to assist those in other localities, only to find, upon arrival at the scene, that their engines and apparatuses are different in type and design, so that they are unable to co-operate.

There are vast areas which are not served by fire-fighting services at all, and these peculiarities are known to the arson gangs.

These gangs have been known to rent warehouses in remote neighbourhoods and then stock them with goods bought as cheaply as possible. The goods are then over-insured and after a judicious interval the faked fire is staged. One such fire

cost an insurance company £30,000 not so long ago.

It is in the interests of every man, woman and child to minimise the risks and dangers of fire by every means in his or her power.

For, apart from insurance losses, fire causes loss of contracts, of property, of profits, and of employment. Loss by fire is a national loss.

Alarmist's Toll

The false fire alarmist helps to add to the total. As a rule he is in the pay of the arson-mongers. Quite a third of the 2,800 bogus alarms raised in London during last year were found to be malicious.

The remainder were criminal pranks.

Fire-prevention services cost the ratepayers about two and a half million pounds per annum, and it is money well spent. The army of 35,000 firemen which is maintained is worthy of its hire.

But when the annual bill of £50,000,000, the precious lives which are lost, the maimed victims, and the loss of employment and material are considered, it will readily be admitted that the amount expended on prevention could be doubled with economy.

And a certain cure for one half the fires would be found in the suppression of the professional arsonists who seek to enrich themselves at the cost of the public.

MY THRILLING LIFE—A "JOHN

The BOY

ADVENTURER

Plunges into
the Unknown
World



FREE to sufferers from Hæmorrhoids

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INSECT VISITORS

Why let uninvited guests spoil your summer?

Have your ankles swelled under the carass of the hungry midges this season? Has the mosquito left his visiting-card in the shape of an itching lump? Has a wasp taken his uncomfortable seat?

People have various methods for trying to deal with these pests, but there is no doubt of this, that those who once use Milton for insect bites never go back to any other treatment. They prove for themselves that Milton—the ordinary, everyday Milton—is the quickest and most soothing healer of all bites and stings that it is possible to use. Its actual effect is to neutralise the poisons which cause the pain and irritation. Milton takes the swelling down—or, if you use it quick enough, prevents it forming at all.

Milton does these things, and, better still, it destroys all risk of the poisonous inflammation spreading dangerously, just because it is such a powerful disinfectant. And yet it is completely harmless. Dab Milton on the sting, bite or scratch, in full strength, and as often as you like, it can do nothing but good. It is very good advice to slip a bottle of Milton into the picnic basket and to keep one handy in the tennis club pavilion. A lot of people get badly bitten while watching a game.

Here, then, is a valuable use for Milton that may not have occurred to you; but do you know that this famous fluid has 153 other uses? They are all described in the new and cleverly-indexed booklet which is given with every bottle of Milton. You will find "Bites and Stings" under "Use No. 26."

I RECENTLY read the article in JOHN BULL entitled "The Legion of Lost Ones." Now I do not claim to be long to that Legion, but I do claim to be a rolling-stone. In fact, for the last twenty-three years I have "rolled" around every country in the world that has a sea-board.

I have roamed the seas on stately liners, creeping tramps, and the smallest of sailing ships. I have been fur-trading in the Arctic, shipwrecked on the coast of Greenland, and lived eleven months with the Eskimos there. I have been icebound on the coast of Baffinland, run out of food and had to hunt for seal and polar bear, and had to eat it raw, and liked it, believe me.

I have done my bit of smuggling in wines and jam between England and Germany, and between Germany and Poland, and was in Smyrna just after the Armenian massacre, and was put in jail at the age of fifteen in the Argentine. I have seen Egypt in all her beauty, and I have seen her for all that is vile; yes, and I have lived in the doss-houses of Limehouse, and lived on intimate terms with the "Chinks."

I have stolen fruit by the shipload from the plantations of Honduras and Columbia, and in so doing looked death squarely in the eye in more ways than one. And so I could go on and on over twenty-three years of "Life."

Oh, yes! I have a story to tell.

WHEN I was thirteen I ran away from school. It wasn't ships that lured me then—I never saw a ship in York, where I was born—but horses. Seeing a picture of a racehorse in a picture paper made me restive.

The horse was called "Duke of Sparta," and I never dreamed that horses could be so beautiful. I made up my mind I would see "Duke of Sparta" in the flesh.

It said that he was at Newmarket in Lord Rosebery's stable, so I ran away to Newmarket to see him. It was dry weather, and sleeping under a hedge or on a haystack seemed great fun to me.

I was lucky enough to get a job as a stable-boy in Lord Rosebery's stable the day I first saw Newmarket Heath. His trainer was Percy Peck, and among the horses there was the Derby winner "Neill Gow." And the first horse I ever got my leg over was that very "Duke of Sparta."

Luck went to my head. I thought there was nothing in life that compared with roving from place to place. And I wandered off early one morning when the cobwebs were still over the heather on Newmarket Heath—wandered as far as ever I could—not thinking where I was going—just enjoying moving along



and living by odd jobs along the road. I wandered so far that I got to the sea and couldn't wander any farther. I had got to Cardiff. There I saw a group of big fair-haired men come strolling off a ship.

They were talking a foreign language and it was the first time I ever heard one spoken. I went right up to them, they must have thought me crazy.

"Please, mister," I said, "may I come away on your ship?"

They laughed and talked a bit, and one said: "You come see the second mate, yes?"

They did want a mess-room boy on board, so I signed on with them. It was a German tramp. I earned 25 marks a month. We were bound for the Baltic, and I was as pleased as Punch at the thought of seeing the world.

But precious little did I see save the deck and the stokehole. When my day's work was done they'd kick me off to the

stokehole to fetch up buckets of water for the crew.

So I said good-bye to them at Hamburg. There I got a place on the *Queen Eleanor* bound for the River Plate.

I opened my eyes wide the day we touched the Brazils at the port of Pernambuco. There was no pier at Pernambuco then. We used to go ashore in a small row-boat.

The soft warmth of the Brazils is just like velvet, and when I saw across the water the tall tufted palm trees clustered by the sea, and the great plumed bamboo swaying in the breeze, I thought we were rowing to Paradise.

But ashore I got frightened. There were such a lot of strange faces—black and white and yellow—such a lot of goggling eyes and shining teeth and such a chatter all around you as though a cartload of monkeys was at your heels.

And when I got back on board and

BULL" Reader's Own Story-

curled up to sleep I heard a steady drone of mosquitoes everywhere. They were humming around in great clouds. Now and then I would feel a little prick and clutch fiercely into the warm, damp darkness.

Then the great yellow frogs began to croak on shore in chorus. I could not sleep, and while I lay there listening the other mess-room boy shouted that something was biting him.

At dawn I could see where he was bitten. His eye had swollen to the size of a cricket ball, and the blood was trickling down where he had scratched it.

Next day he went sick. Before we touched at Rio he had died, and we buried him at sea. I cried myself to sleep that night.

WHEN the ship touched at Ensenada, on the Plate River, I plucked up my spirits and went ashore. My eye was caught by a glitter of lights in front of a café, and I went in.

There were men and women of all nations jumbled together chattering away to the tune of a lively tango (the dance was not known then in Europe), played on violins, to the clicking accompaniment of castanets.

No one came to serve me, and I had an uncomfortable feeling of being stared at. But I was in no hurry. It was warm and cheerful.

Presently through the hazy clouds of tobacco smoke I saw two policemen coming up to my table—little copper-faced men in green uniforms with rows of shiny brass buttons and swords.

I didn't know a word of Spanish and couldn't make out what it was all about. They caught me by the arms and slung me out into the night.

There I was, suddenly thrown into a dusty road with two copper-faced little policemen who jabbered incessantly about a "calaboose" or some such thing while I asked plaintively in English what it was that I had done wrong.

It made me wild to have their greasy hands on my nice white suit. We stopped sharp at a house of some kind, and I was pushed along a passage, through a door and into a room.

The next thing I heard was the key turning in the door behind me, and I knew I was in prison.

THE room was big and stank. Only a few days before it had been used for keeping pigs in. There may have been a score of men inside, in every kind of dress and undress.

Some were drunk and dozing, one was whining out some song, but most of them were spending their time trying to flatten out mosquitoes on a white-washed wall.

Already the wall was splashed with red blood from squashed insects. They were worse than the ones aboard off Pernambuco. There must have been thousands of mosquitoes in the room. I couldn't get to sleep at all.

Daylight came and I hoped for something to eat. But I was disappointed. I was expecting to be brought before some judge, but I was disappointed in that as well.

They put a broom in my hands and made me sweep out the floor of my jail. They threw me a whole bundle of uniforms with a score of brass buttons on each, which it took me most of the day to clean.

Time went by and there was still nothing to eat. I was hungry. I felt like crumpling up.

Some of the others got a bit to eat, a chunk of bread here, a bit of meat there. And some didn't. There seemed no sense and no system to it.

Evening came. No one had spoken to me. No one had fed me. I was just left to starve.

Late that evening I was called into a comfortably furnished room where a tall, soldierly looking man was standing by the table.

"What have you been up to?" asked the stranger, not unkindly.

I told him I'd done nothing at all.

"Didn't you know the sort of place you were in?" he asked.

What is Yours?

HAVE YOU a tale to tell? Is there any episode, or series of episodes, in your life of more than personal interest?

The narrative which begins on these pages to-day is a faithful record of the actual experiences of a "John Bull" reader, who considers himself "just an ordinary man."

He prefers to remain anonymous, for in spite of his years of wandering, he has now settled down contentedly to a quiet, humdrum existence.

It is not given to everyone to taste adventure at first hand as he has done, but the most prosaic life may contain elements of romance and adventure, drama and comedy, hazards and thrills.

There must be many other "John Bull" readers—men and women, engaged in ordinary, every-day pursuits—who have had experiences that are well worth recounting.

The postman may once have followed a dog-team in Alaska; the milkman may have faced death as a prospector in some distant desert. Perhaps that meek-looking little man with the bowler hat and umbrella, hurrying to catch the 8.15, once rounded Cape Horn in a gale, or shot a tiger at close range.

Turn over your own memories, and set down your own story. If the Editor considers that it is of sufficient interest to others, he will publish it in this series and pay you £10 10s. for it.

You may confine yourself to one outstanding incident in your life, or deal with a succession of episodes; but your manuscript must not exceed 2,000 words.



That man up on the scaffolding . . .



. . . this man of letters . . .



. . . the sea-shore sailor in the tap-room . . .



. . . the boss's right-hand woman . . .



. . . the business man with bowler hat and worried look . . .

In fact, just ordinary people like yourself. And we want to know their stories—and yours

Do you know why you are depressed?

Do you feel "low"—"like nothing on earth"—"fed-up"—and do not quite know why? Any condition like that is a sure and certain sign that your blood is in a poor weak state.

You cannot enjoy good health without good blood. Your vitality, your energy, your happiness depend upon good, rich, red blood. Iron Jelloids provide the most effective means of strengthening and enriching the blood known to Medical Science to-day.

Iron Jelloids fortify the blood so that it carries a full load of life-giving oxygen to every part of the system, thereby revitalising every organ, nerve and tissue. Thus, Iron Jelloids act as a true and lasting tonic. There is a sustained rise in your health-tone. Any Medical Man will tell you this, for Iron Jelloids have been prescribed by the Medical Profession for years.

Iron Jelloids are easy and pleasant to take. They do not injure or blacken the teeth; nor cause indigestion or constipation. They can be taken with absolute safety, even by children and people with the most delicate stomachs. Doctors advise one during or after meals, three times a day.

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Recommended for the treatment of: LASSITUDE, DEBILITY, NERVOUS WEAKNESS, LOSS OF APPETITE, NEURALGIA, DEPRESSION, NUTRITIONAL DEFICIENCY AND ANAEMIA

Every chemist stocks Iron Jelloids No. 2 for women; Iron Jelloids No. 2A (with quinine) for men; Iron Jelloids No. 1 for children.

Only 1/3 a box. Large Economical Size 3/-

The Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd., Watford

Cleans between the teeth and makes them whiter



Odol TOOTH PASTE

Makes teeth like pearls

Garland

"Indeed, no, sir. I thought it was a cheerful-looking place."

"It's a very disreputable place," he said severely, "and in this country there's a law to stop boys under sixteen from going into such resorts."

"I'm very sorry, sir."

"Well, be more careful in the future. You can go now."

"Please, sir, are you the British Consul?"

"I am the Vice-Consul."

"I haven't had anything to eat, sir."

"I don't suppose you have—prisoners don't get fed in this country unless their friends come to feed them."

"What shall I do now, sir?"

"Get back to your ship as quick as you can."

BUT there was no ship for me to get back to. It had already sailed. They gave me up for a deserter.

I found out that people were always deserting.

I put up at a café on the waterfront—a respectable one this time—and there I waited—a boy of fourteen adrift in a strange country.

Next morning a lean, sharp-looking man with a Yankee twang sat down at my table.

"I'm told you want a berth, my boy," he drawled.

"I do, sir, very badly."

"Do you object to sail?"

"It makes no difference to me, sir."

He wrote out something on a bit of paper.

"Get on board as soon as you can and show this to the mate."

When I found her she seemed a very queer kind of ship. She had only one mast and may have drawn 20 tons.

She carried a crew of five all told. There was the captain, one hand, a nigger, the cook and me.

I was puzzled by the look of things and not too happy. But it was a berth and I had to live. We slipped out from

La Plata in the dark as though we were ashamed of ourselves. Next day I asked the Yankee captain where we were going.

"We're after some fruit," he said.

But I think that had he told me how he meant to get it, hard up as I was, I would have thought twice about sailing with him.

FOR the first few days all went smoothly on the schooner. The food was good and there was plenty of it. We all messed together, the captain included, and the atmosphere was cheerful and friendly.

We coasted up South America over a long succession of silent blue days, blue skies, blue seas, blue hazy distances.

At nights we sailed across a sea of glass under the Southern Cross, and our negro used to sit singing coon songs and playing to himself on a guitar.

Then one night we lay off a long sandy beach behind which I saw a stretch of hot green country. We were somewhere off Honduras, I heard, but just where it was I couldn't say.

Only somewhere behind a bank of yellow sand a broad and stagnant-looking river emptied itself into the sea. We turned her head around the sandbank, and sailed slowly up river.

The trees arched overhead, sometimes shutting out the sun; and great creepers hung ropelike to the water. It was very dark in there and very still. . . .

(To be continued)

Next week our reader tells of the part he played in a mysterious enterprise in a South American jungle. Do not miss this further episode in his absorbing life story.

JOHN BULL

20

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

—Probed by
PHILIP INMAN

The Girl who SHOULD LEAVE HOME

THERE are two forms of cruelty, and I honestly don't know which is worse. There is the brutal, vicious kind that results in blows. There is a more subtle form which hurts very deeply, but which is not accompanied by physical violence.

It seems a ghastly thing that in these days there are many people who should have to suffer mental or physical cruelty. And I am sorry to say my postbag reveals many instances of lives being made miserable by such means.

First, there is a girl who has just reached the age of twenty-one. This is what she writes to me:

"I am an only child, and evidently an unwanted one. Ever since I can remember my parents have ignored me. They go out to the pictures and theatres together and never seem to think of asking me to go with them. They even go on their holidays alone and leave me in the care of a maiden aunt.

Their motto seems to be 'Two's company...' and I feel that I am always in the way. Now that I am of age I feel I am entitled to make a stand for my rights. What do you advise me to do?"

* * *

I have a great deal of sympathy for this girl; she is the victim of a terribly exhausting type of cruelty. Neglect so pointed and deliberate is absolutely inexcusable.

There are some folk in the world who ought never to have children, and her parents belong to that particular brand.

The girl has not had a square deal, and I consider that she is perfectly entitled to strike out on her own and ignore her unnatural parents as thoroughly as they seem to have ignored her. Perhaps if she were to leave the home and find work elsewhere her parents might learn to value her more. She is of age and should be able to keep herself.

Here is a letter from a woman reader:

"My life is such that I feel sometimes that I shall go mad or do something desperate.

"I have been married for nearly twenty-one years and have seven children

"The Greatest of These—"

The Attack

A QUEER accident befell a Welsh woman recently. She was crossing a stile when she was savagely attacked by a gander. She fell, and had to be taken home in an ambulance, suffering from an incised wound in her leg down to the bone, and shock, rendering her unfit for work.

Her husband, who fought in the Boer War and the Great War, has been out of work for two years, and when their rent of 12s. a week is paid, they have only a few shillings left to feed and clothe themselves and their children—one a boy of twelve years, who has been in delicate health since he underwent an operation. A daughter is also laid up.

Being unfit to look after the household, the eldest girl, who was working, had to return home, abandoning her work, which has meant loss of money and an extra mouth to feed.

Their minister, who has known both sides of the family for upwards of thirty years, pleads that "it is in every respect a deserving case, fully worth doing all that can be done to help on merit."

So there it is. Will our readers help on merit by sending subscriptions for this and many other families who through some unforeseen calamity are going through an extra time of hardship?

Donations should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments will be sent where names and addresses are given. List of subscriptions can be seen at the office, or a copy of the current week's sent on application.

living. Thirteen years ago my husband fell out of work, and with our little ones we had to rough it for over a year. Though we were as poor as church mice, we were happy together, my husband being the kindest and steadiest man anyone could have.

"Now things are better and he is in regular employment. My eldest son is also in good work and earns more than his father. This fact seems to be the cause of a good deal of our trouble.

"My husband is obviously jealous of his own boy and seems to hate him. He keeps telling me that I think far more of my children than I do of him. We have constant rows, which are getting on my nerves—so much so, that I have threatened to clear out, and take the children with me.

"I cannot tolerate his insults much longer, and I should be glad if you would tell me where my duty lies."

* * *

My correspondent's trouble is not an uncommon one. When children come along some women expect their husbands to take a second place.

That is not the right way to go to work. It only leads to constant friction, or else the man looks for happiness elsewhere. Then when the children grow up and leave the parental roof the woman is left without an anchorage. It is never wise to make a husband feel that he is a back number.

Having said that, let me emphasise the fact that a wife has a duty to her children as well as to her husband. He should not be insulted if she shows them the ordinary motherly care and affection.

My correspondent talks of "constant rows." It takes two, and sometimes more, to make a quarrel. What is the real cause in that home? Are the children blameless? Does the eldest son, for instance, brag that he earns more

Homely Wisdom—

by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A QUESTION put to me not long ago by a person in some trouble of mind relates to a moral problem so wide in its range that I think I ought to state it here for the benefit of other readers.

A young man just beginning to push his way in life has attracted some amount of jealousy from older men, and they show their ill-will in various petty ways. He finds his books and utensils mislaid or damaged, and sometimes missing.

Or he will be given disagreeable things to do which are not really his work, but which he cannot refuse to do as he is the youngest member of the office staff; his seniors maliciously abstain from telling him how to do them, hoping that he will do them badly through ignorance, which he sometimes does.

His enemies also have an ingenious way of putting the blame on him in regard to matters for which he is not responsible at all.

He stands all this persecution as patiently as he can, but occasionally he hits out, the only result, so far, being to put him in an unfavourable light with his superiors. He feels deeply the injustice of the treatment he receives and his inability to set himself right.

He has a strong suspicion, amounting



She has found no real happiness inside that home. She has a perfect right to leave it and make her own way in life

than his father? I can understand any man resenting taunts of that kind.

If there is no good reason, then that husband is a jealous brute, and unworthy of any consideration. He should either play his part in the home life or else it would be better to leave his family in peace and find accommodation elsewhere.

And the same thing applies to my next correspondent, who says:

"I shall be so grateful if you will help me out of my domestic tangle. I

have been married twelve years and have a little daughter, who is now eight years old.

"During the early years of our married life my husband and I were happy, though I soon found that he had a terribly bad temper. When my baby was born all went well for a time, and then, for no apparent reason, he left me for four days without saying where he was going—or why. He came back and asked me to forgive him. Foolishly I did so.

"Ever since I have worked hard to make ends meet by taking in work at home because he has had a lot of short time. But now he carries on dreadfully—mixes with bad company and comes home past midnight every night, often the worse for drink.

"He never speaks to me except to insult me. He will ask my little girl for anything he wants to know. What an appalling outlook for a child! I have been advised by a friend to get a separation order, or else write to the cashier of his firm and tell him of the way he treats me. One thing is certain: I cannot possibly go on as things are."

That state of affairs is not marriage—it is purgatory. The woman is not a wife, but a doormat. Her husband's conduct has not only affected her health but must be perverting the mind of her little girl. As a result, the child may grow up either a timid, frightened creature, or else cynical and embittered, with the idea of marriage nauseating to her.

No woman should be called upon to suffer such humiliations. It would be very foolish of my correspondent to write to her husband's employer. That might result in his dismissal, and then he would have an excuse for not supporting her. Instead, she should consult a solicitor

and obtain a separation order. I hope that will bring her husband to his senses, so that if and when a reunion takes place it will be on the only possible terms for a successful married life—that of equal partnership.

* * *

TELL "Humanist" about that trouble which is causing you anxiety. He promises to do his utmost to help you overcome it. Write to him and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. One guinea will be paid to every reader whose letter he quotes.

Defending Oneself

to practical certainty, that he is being maligned behind his back to a degree that may inflict lasting injury upon his reputation and prospects.

He loves his occupation; it is exactly the line of life in which he is fitted to excel, and he would be sorry to have to exchange it for another; but he fears he may be forced out of it by the unmerited hostility he has aroused. Being in an angry and depressed condition of mind, he asks for advice as to the course he should take.

His case is not singular. Other readers of these words, both men and women, are up against exactly the same problem.

As Basil King says in one of his essays, most of us can recall the wounded amazement with which we have suddenly discovered that we were hated by persons whom we were not conscious of having injured in any way whatever. And Shakespeare says:

"Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
Yet shalt thou not escape calumny."

The human heart is a queer medley of good and evil, and one of its worst characteristics is the ill-will it is only too

apt to cherish against that which is better than itself.

How ready we are to dislike anyone who surpasses us in character or talents, and how frequently we tend to ascribe his success to any reason but the right one!

Let me comfort this poor boy by assuring him that he will wear down all this mean opposition in time. Real merit always does. His detractors will either come to be ashamed of themselves, or they will pass out of his life and make way for others more congenial and sympathetic.

Time is on his side, and his advance in age and experience will of itself operate in his favour by making it less easy for him to be the target of the sneers and bullying of older men.

But he must be careful not to give the least ground for antipathy on the part of his colleagues. He must bear himself with becoming modesty and good humour; the English temperament will not tolerate brag or touchiness, and it always respects genuine worth allied to self-control.

Harbour no resentments, be ever ready to do a kindness even to those who dislike you, and you cannot fail to win friends.



SHREDDED WHEAT, served with the season's fresh fruits, and with milk, custard or cream added, makes a delicious, refreshing, seasonable dish and combines two of Nature's most valuable foods.

All the health value of pure, whole wheat is present in Shredded Wheat. This is due to the exclusive Shredded Wheat process which, while making the whole wheat both palatable and easily digestible, retains its rich store of



Made by British labour from Empire wheat only.
by The Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

When away from home, remember that hotels, restaurants and boarding-houses serve Shredded Wheat upon request.

Great 'PHONE - BOX SWINDLE

"B URR-BURR... Burr-burr. Burr-burr."

The telephone bell is ringing in Jack's flat. The caller, leaning on the automatic coin box in a street kiosk, hears it in his own ear-piece and smiles. If Jack is at home he will answer, and the conversation will not cost either of them a penny-piece.

There never was anything simpler than this newest ruse for robbing the telephone service of pennies. And thousands of people are doing it.

A few deft movements of a certain part of the apparatus, according to the number you require, and the thing is done. No need to touch the revolving dial. No need to produce a coin or touch the coin box in any way. And the hands are the only tools required.

JOHN BULL knows the trick, but, obviously, refrains from describing it. For so far the Post Office engineers have not yet had time to make all the apparatus proof against it.

They are not necessarily criminals, these people who have been doing their telephoning for nothing. They consider themselves just smart people and the Post Office fair game for anybody who has the intelligence to "do it down."

They would not stoop to steal twopence from their employers' tills, but they will steal two-pennyworth of service from a public corporation without a blush.

Battle of wits

This type of person is costing the General Post Office a lot of money. For one thing, this form of cheating has made necessary certain changes in the mechanism of every automatic call-box in the kingdom.

The worst feature of it is that it works so well—ninety of every hundred calls attempted are put through successfully without payment, and without the telephone exchange getting any signal that the plant is being misused.

This is not the first trick for getting free telephone calls that research engineers have had to counteract. Ever since the automatic system was invented it has been a game of move and counter-move between the Post Office and the coin-box cheats.

First of all, it was found that by a simple trick with the two brass terminals the pay-box part of the mechanism was entirely cut out, the result being that one could telephone from any call-box free of charge. The Post Office engineers soon found a remedy which they applied to all boxes.

Then it was discovered that by sticking pins through the insulation of the telephone wires and creating a new circuit the same result could be obtained—and the authorities had to order that the wiring should be hidden beneath a heavy baseboard.

By now the Post Office was beginning to realise that it had brains to deal with—mis-applied cleverness that might have been of greater value to its owners if properly applied.

Almost as soon as alterations had been made with a view to making the system fraud-proof it was discovered

that another trick was in use. Certain people found that by shouting up the tube used for the rejection of bent coins and so using it as a speaking tube they could carry on a conversation with the person called without putting money in the box.

Within a fortnight yet another way of defeating the system had been discovered. People were both listening at and talking into the ear-pieces, thus establishing communication without paying the necessary coppers.

"Kick-and-run" tactics

The research staff of the Post Office had to get busy again.

Then came news that the most contemptible ruse of all was being tried.

Exchanges reported that people were ringing up numbers and shouting a few words to their friends before being cut off for not paying the 'phone fee.

Instead of putting two pennies into the box when asked to do so by the exchange, they shouted some simple message as "See you at three," and then rang off.

No alterations to plant were necessary in this case. Telephone girls were asked to see that the person rung up did not hear the voice of the caller before the twopence had been inserted—an easy enough precaution.

Then came the worst blow of all—the trick of obtaining a number without ever touching the dial or attracting the attention of the exchange in any way, and against which the system is not yet entirely proof.

But it has not defeated the authorities for long. Already they have fifteen different counters in their hands, all of them necessitating very small alterations to the plant.

And the authorities will win in the end—after a few people have had the experience of going to jail for twopence!



He cheats to save twopence—a meagre reward for a spell of jail-life

Post Office Official Wins Again—



Mr. G. A. Sealey—see him also outside his "Bullets" shop with his wife and assistant

"BULLETS" Build Bonny Business

"WHAT are you looking so worried about?" "I'm wondering whether to take JOHN BULL's £6 a week for life or £3,000 in cash."

"You've got some hopes!" That was the conversation which took place between two *Bulleterers* one recent Friday afternoon in the Sorting Office of the London Eastern District Post Office.

But the man with the worried look—Mr. G. A. Sealey, of 2, Clock Parade, London Road, Enfield—was not just dreaming. He had good reason to be troubled, considering the varying attractions of the Seven Giant First Prizes to be chosen from by the winner in our 855th *Bullets* Contest.

He had just had a breathless talk with his wife on the telephone—and the news she had for him was staggering indeed.

A *Bullet* he had entered in his mother's maiden name: CURIOS COINCIDENCE—UNLUCKY WORLD—FEWER HORSESHOES

had placed at the top of the prize-list the name of Mrs. J. Spencer, 20, St. Stephen's Road, East Ham, E. And so, since his mother claimed no share of the credit for this success, it was Mr. Sealey's privilege to decide which prize should be paid by JOHN BULL.

Mother is so proud!

His aged mother, who received the First Prize telegram, had little idea of its importance. But when a JOHN BULL representative called during the evening, she was naturally delighted to learn that his success was so substantial.

"That boy has been going in for competitions ever since he was seven," she said proudly. "He won an atlas then, I remember."

She directed the JOHN BULL man to the Eastern District Sorting Office, where Mr. Sealey was at work. Presently a middle-aged man, with keen eyes behind his horn-rimmed spectacles, sorted himself out from the orderly confusion of letter-sorting machinery.

"I know where you're from," he said quietly. "Well, I'm due for half an hour's rest, so there's just time for a chat."

"First of all," he said, "I want to explain about that coupon which won me this prize. A few months ago, you see, a coupon I'd entered in my mother's name won one of those *Bullets* Season Tickets."

"As you know, its coupons are not transferable. So I naturally had to go on using her name and address for these free entries. And it was on one of them that I entered the winning *Bullet*."

"I hope it won't cause any complications about paying the prize," he said with some anxiety.

Assuring him that JOHN BULL would certainly deal with the matter with its usual scorn of red tape, our representative enquired if Mr. Sealey had any previous successes to put on record.

"Come over to my little place at Enfield to-morrow," was Mr. Sealey's reply. "I'll show you the business I've built up with the proceeds of my previous *Bullets* First!

Now I shall have to get back to work. I'm afraid."

Resuming the interview on the following day at Mr. Sealey's tobacco and confectionery shop at 2, Clock Parade, Enfield, the winner recalled the *Bullet* which, over ten years ago, accounted for his previous appearance at the top of the prize-list.

"It was at the time of the Billie Carlton case," he said. My *Bullet* was: OUR GIRLS—SEEKING VARIETY—FIND 'DRAMA'

and it was the cheque it won for me which enabled me to open this business. "My wife looks after the shop here, of course. The Post Office and *Bullets* keep me busy!"

"I keep a note-book for jotting down ideas and I'm never without a list of the current 'examples,'" he said. "But before I do anything else each week I devour my copy of *Bullets Bulletin*. It's always interesting and it's always helpful."

"For instance, I've often wondered why I've scored nothing with a line I thought was original. As often as not, *Bullets Bulletin* has told me the reason through its weekly list of 'old stagers.'"

As a reader of *Bullets Bulletin*, Mr. Sealey has not only been helped into the prize-list by its aid. In accordance with the terms of our offer, he also receives an extra bonus of £500 through having reserved a weekly copy of JOHN BULL's free guide to success.

Follow his lead

Thanks to this big addition to his prize-money, Mr. Sealey has been able to select as his First Prize a £1,500 cash payment and a Pension of £3 a week for life.

"Now I've only one ambition left," were the parting words of this man whom *Bullets* has made independent for life. "I want another First to 'complete the hat-trick!'"

An entry in *Bullets* this week can bring you independence also. A Record August Prize of £1,250, a £225 "Rover" motor-car and a £20 Holiday Cheque yearly for life awaits the sender of the best *Bullet* received. And there are forty-nine other big cash prizes for the runners-up in this huge holiday offer.

Make sure your entry reaches us not later than Saturday, August 13. And if you would welcome the free guide to success which Mr. Sealey recommends, reserve your supply of *Bullets Bulletin* to-night with the coupon on page 31.

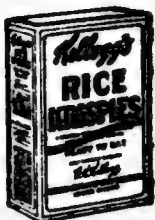
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How carefully you safeguard his food, his rest, his play—for you want him to grow up the healthiest boy in the land.

And that's why we are reminding you of Kellogg's Rice Krispies. Delicious, toasted rice bubbles that actually crackle in milk or cream and simply fascinate children.

Kellogg's Rice Krispies are one of the best of cereals for children. Nourishing. Yet so easy to digest. Good for any meal. No cooking required. Always oven-fresh. Sold by all grocers—in the red-and-green packet. Quality guaranteed.



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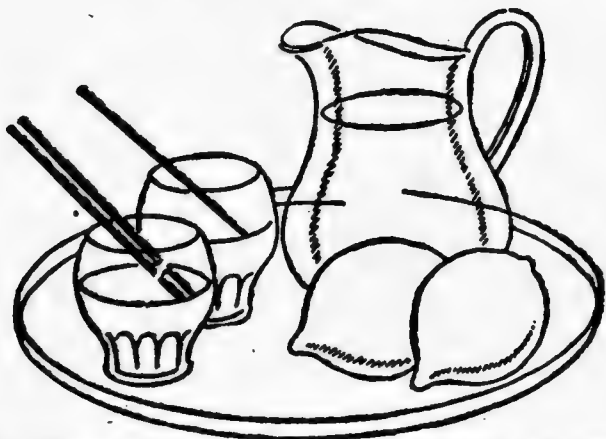
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(The answer's a thirst!)



As first aid to a thirst there's nothing more refreshing and health-giving than the juice of lemons. You get this juice in its handiest and most inexpensive form in Eiffel Tower Lemonade. Fifty million ripe lemons a year are used to make it, and no preservatives are added. What a heavenly ending to a summer drought!

A 7½d. bottle (unsweetened) makes 12 pints of real-lemon lemonade

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

SWEETENED OR UNSWEETENED

W. H. CLARK & CO. LTD. LONDON

And it had to be good, nourishing food to satisfy these old-time toilers by the salmon river.

"Go for the Middle Cut," Cap'n West always said. "You know where to cut a York ham or a tender leg of mutton for juicy flavour—it's just the same with salmon. Middle Cut gives you richness and redness and fine flavour—salmon at its glorious best."

Remember that when you're really hungry!

INSIST ON THE BEST • • AND BUY JOHN WEST'S MIDDLE CUT SALMON

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JW 48 172

Happy Holidays Assured by "ASPRO" Protection.

Make it a rule to keep 'Aspro' handy as an insurance against summer ills. 'Aspro' will dispense headaches, free you from irritability, sun glare, sea sickness, etc., and will protect you against complications. All leading Chemists and Stores sell 'Aspro' in 3d., 6d. and 1/3 sizes, although the cheapest way is to buy the 2/6 packet.

THAT LAZY, LISTLESS "DON'T-CARE" FEELING! IT'S YOUR LIVER.

Dissolve a pinch of 'Alkia Saltrates' in your tea every morning and soon feel fit as a fighting-cock, says

W. G. EAST

(Cambridge coach for 30 years)

Ever have that lazy, listless, "don't-care" feeling, when every more requires special effort, and even the brain seems tired, drowsy, and dull? It's your liver. Ever feel bilious, nervous, irritable, "headachy"? It's your liver. Ever have dull eyes, yellowish eyeballs, pimply skin, catarrh, coated tongue, offensive breath, insomnia, stomach trouble, loss of appetite, etc., etc.? It's your liver. Constipation has even been called "the beginning of all disease," because it introduces into the blood, by absorption from the intestines, disease-causing poisons which could not possibly remain in the body otherwise.

Obviously, the only way to get rid of these body poisons or blood impurities, and do it quickly, is to stimulate a lazy, sluggish liver, flush clogged kidneys, neutralise and wash the fermenting waste from an acid stomach. Cleanse, sweeten, and purify the entire alimentary tract. Then notice how much better you feel as the body's great filters and blood refiners (the liver and kidneys) commence working properly again.

All you need for the above treatment is a small supply of 'Alkia Saltrates' compound from any chemist. As much of this as can be heaped on a sixpence should be dissolved in your tea, coffee, water, or other drink and taken every morning. No trace of any bitter, salty, sour or other taste can be detected. 'Alkia Saltrates' cannot possibly upset or irritate the most delicate stomach and never fails to banish all symptoms of disordered liver, kidneys, stomach or other parts of the digestive tract.



LETTER COMMISSIONS

are accepted from 1/- up to any amount in accordance with rules.

STARTING PRICE

If your Commission bears a postal time stamp not later than the set time of the race—any race—you will be on at full Starting Price.

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Commissions received at long odds before the day of the race will be on at full market price quoted at time of posting, in accordance with rules.

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Favourites, Jockeys' Mounts, "Any-to-come," Owners' and Trainers' Selected, Doubles, Trebles, Accumulators, Systems—all accepted.

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WIN OR PLACE, SINGLE EVENTS.

Those who have placed commissions with "The Big Two" have proved for themselves that winnings are always sent by return of post. New clients will have the same experience.

OUR BOOK OF RULES WILL BE SENT ON APPLICATION.

A Millionaire's Greatest Hour

When I Touched



MY FIRST

PAY-PACKET

(£1 1s.)



Told to "John Bull"

by SIR HENRI

DETERDING,

the "Oil King"

AS a successful business man—I think I am qualified to use that term—there have been many hours in my life which I would live over again. There were hours

when patience, perseverance and tact have at last triumphed and some obstacle has been overcome.

Some may wonder that I do not choose as my greatest hour that in which I was made Director-General of the Company for the Exploitation of Petroleum in the Dutch East Indies at the age of thirty-four, after the death of my chief, under whom I had worked for four years.

It was certainly then that there was a big turn in the wheel of destiny for me. There were other hours, however, which seem to me to be quite as important, and, looking back over the years and carefully considering the matter, I have no hesitation in making my choice. . . .

MY greatest hour, then, was the one which gave me the most enduring thrill of satisfaction that I have ever experienced, as well as impressing itself most vividly upon my mind, and—it happened when I was sixteen. I had just commenced my life as a modest apprentice at the Twentsche Bank Company, which subsequently gave me my first insight into the mysteries of finance.

How clearly I recall that day, when at the completion of my first month's work, I received the first money I had ever earned. Twelve guilders, fifty, it was, about twenty-one shillings.

I was always ambitious and even as a schoolboy possessed some sense of commercial values. And it was a tremendous thrill to realise that I could turn my

knowledge into money; to become a paid worker.

When I left my old school, the Burghers' School at Amsterdam, I felt that I was already a man—a man with a future, too.

Possibly there were times during that first month's experience in the bank when the severe countenances of my elders made me feel that the great "future" was a long way off, but if I had any such qualms they all vanished in that great hour when my first salary was paid to me.

I DO not suppose that the kindly-faced, though sedate, cashier in his neat black coat, who handed me my pay-envelope, noticed anything unusual about me. Maybe there wasn't anything out of the ordinary in me—just a usual type of Dutch youth, rather rosy-cheeked, with dark eyes that did not miss very much.

Had he been a thought-reader there might have been more to interest him.

My journey home was one of triumph. I trod, not the streets of Amsterdam, but all the thoroughfares of the world. I saw myself already a successful business man, such is the enthusiasm of youth.

I believe that the greatest joys of life lie more frequently in anticipation than in realisation; the glory is in the struggle—the fight. During that particular hour I do not think that any obstacle or difficulty would have seemed too great to overcome.

I fear, though, that sometimes the golden dreams of youth are robbed of half their glory with the passing of the years—that is, unless we keep young in heart and mind. The man who succeeds in doing this can retain romance all his life; he can read it even in the

dullest contract, despite the encroachment of the years.

I must admit that my triumphal march home ended rather more tamely than it began. My mother, it is true, shared in a measure my enthusiasm, though I suppose really that this hour which was such an epoch-marking event to me merely meant to her that her son had been successfully launched in his first job.

The memory of my youthful dreams makes me feel sympathetically towards some young men I meet to-day; I never laugh at their ambitions, for the spirit of daring should be encouraged. Youth must not be taught to fear the future; fear for anybody or anything is the worst adviser. Most of the wrong decisions in the world's history have been taken through fear.

There is another reason why that hour meant so much to me. For then I determined never to allow setbacks to discourage me.

I THINK, too, that my first earnings made me feel more keenly my pride of nationality. Born of a race of business men and heroes who have struggled successfully to keep their country in her proud position among the great nations of the earth, I determined to be true to my race always.

So to-day I am as much a Dutchman at heart as I was on that memorable day in 1882, and I know that I shall remain so until the end of my days.

I can quite enter into the spirit of Sir Walter Scott when he wrote:

"Breathes there a man, with soul so dead, who never to himself hat's saith, This is my own, my native land!"

You may think that I have made a lot of what may seem a trivial event—a youth receiving his first wages, something that is happening almost everywhere every day. Yet how often in life do the smallest events become milestones, and how much depends upon the spirit in which we commence any work, however great or small!

If I had not been inspired during that particular hour with an undying determination to succeed, should I be where I stand to-day? I doubt it. Therefore, I have no hesitation in choosing as my greatest hour this one which marked the commencement of my career, when I received my first pay-packet on July 31, 1882—just fifty years ago.

Race with "Silver Ring"

"A.P." AGAIN

LONDONERS are the lucky ones where racing is concerned. Rarely a week passes but there is a meeting within a few miles of town. Hurst Park, Kempton Park, Sandown, Lingfield, Gatwick, Newbury—all are to be reached comparatively easily from the Metropolis.

Six miles north of Charing Cross is still another venue, Alexandra Park, which was opened in 1863.

Alexandra Park crops up again this week-end. I hope to have my usual good luck here. I intend to give Auction Pool, the course specialist, another chance in the Holloway Handicap, as I think he was flying too high in attempting to win the London Cup at the last meeting.

The Metropolitan Sale Plate may attract a useful field, since it is worth a thousand pounds. I like the look of Junior Counsel for this prize, if Lambton

decides to send him. The five-year-old has done a lot of work with Salmon Leap and Zane Grey.

Home Run, unlucky last time out, will probably win the Highbury Handicap.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, July 28, to Wednesday, August 3.

P V B X E S Z O M Y A T N G K Q
C R D H I F J U L W 9 8 9 7 9 6 9 5 9 4 9 3

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

P8896SEIMB would read CANFIELD.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

FFU2C would read SCOOP.



Cherry Blossom Boot Polish Hystoricals, No. 10. Henry VII., A.D. 1485-1509.

HENRY: "Off you go, Lambert, and don't forget Cherry Blossom Boot Polish for the Royal footwear."

An impostor named Lambert Simnel—son of a baker—declared that he was the son of the late Duke of Clarence and rightful heir to the English throne. He secured the support of Henry's enemies, the Duchess of Burgundy, Lord Lovel and other Nobles. King Henry defeated Simnel and his followers at the Battle of Stoke, Simnel was taken prisoner and made to work as a scullion in the kitchen.

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

Black, White, Brown, In Tins with easy opener, 2½d, 4½d. and 6d.
Dark Tan & Tanette.



Gets a
place - in
every pipe

BONDMAN EMPIRE BLEND

IN AIRTIGHT TINS

10^d
PER OZ.

EDWARD LLOYD & SONS, CLERKENWELL RD., LONDON, E.C.1 (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.)

BONDMAN ORIGINAL BLEND 11^d PER OZ.



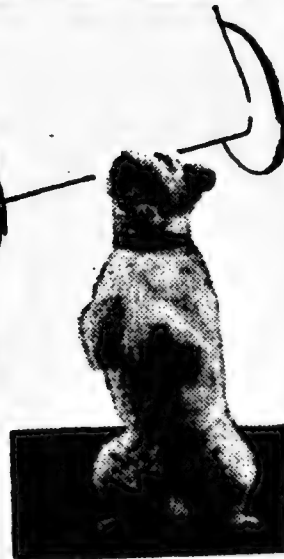
SNAP HIM WHILE YOU CAN!
*Ensign Film is on
your side*

Perfect snapshots are things of inspiration—sudden, happy moments, so unrestrained and natural that they can't be posed. Often they are gone before the sun has cleared the clouds—and you will never get them back. So snap them while you can on Ensign Film!

Ensign Film is on your side. Because of its greater speed and sensitivity it allows you a wider margin so that you can treat the light with a little disrespect. It helps you to take snaps when you want to—and not so much when the sun will condescend to shine its brightest. Take your holiday snaps on Ensign Films this summer—and make eight perfect pictures every time.

The camera illustrated is the famous Ensign Pocket Twenty costing only 25/6.

ENSIGN FILM



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nika

The GOOD TURN I CAN NEVER REPAY

A FEW months before the World War started my wife died, and I was left with a young daughter for whom I could find no suitable home in the South Wales coalfield.

It was a difficult problem until an old college professor gave me £20 to send the child to a good boarding-school, the fees being paid while I was engaged with the Army in France.

Such a good turn was worthy of one of the most popular professors at the Cardiff University College, and unfortunately one I could never repay.—D. P., Cardiff.

Saving Pat

I was junior clerk to a merchant never known to overlook a fault. Raring got me into trouble, and I "borrowed" £5 from the petty cash.

Next day, the cashier observed: "I find the petty cash £5 short, sir."

Terror-stricken, I was about to confess, when I heard the "boss" respond: "Ah! I took that, and forgot to put in a slip. Must be getting old and careless. Put it right, will you?"

As he passed me, he patted my shoulder, saying: "Don't you get careless, too, my boy!"—"Lesson Learnt," Hands-worth.

He Saved Another

I lay at death's door with double pneumonia. As I was nearing the crisis, there was no nurse available, and a doctor friend decided to see the crisis through.

He handed over his other cases to his assistant and spent three days at my bedside, doing all in his power. His efforts saved my life.

The doctor was taken ill upon returning to his home, and within ten days passed away with double pneumonia. He saved my life and I never even had the chance to thank him.—H. T., Leigh.

Coals of Fire

Years ago I left my husband for another man. I soon realised my mistake, and when my health gave way he deserted me.

Having forfeited the right to seek help from my husband, in desperation I wrote to a former friend. She passed on my address to my husband.

He came and took me home, nursed me back to health, and gave me back my self-respect, without a word of reproach. How could I repay a good turn like that?—E. W., Leics.

Avoided Risk

After a few months' training as a cabinet-maker at an instructional centre, and having been dismissed from three jobs for "inexperience," I found myself in London with only sixpence.

I reported to an employment exchange, and while there a call came in. A potman-barmen was wanted. I offered to take it, but the officer, learning that I had never touched alcohol, advised me not to.

"Hang on a bit, liddle," he said, and slipped 5s. into my hand. I did, and two days later found and held a job cabinet-making.—A. Jones, Mon.

Extra Passenger

Working two hundred miles from home, I received a telegram, "Come at once; wife seriously ill." I went to the railway station, but there was no train for four hours.

A friendly guard asked me my trouble. Then he said he was leaving with a special train in ten minutes for a place five miles from my home town, and smuggled me into the van with him.

How could I ever repay this good turn of getting me home eight hours sooner than expected?—B. C., Cumberland.

Someone Cared

In hospital during the war, badly wounded, and merely a boy at the time, I lay limp and ill. Despondency added itself to my pain, as there was nobody within hundreds of miles to visit me. I was officially "Not progressing."

One afternoon, while I lay in a fitful sleep, visitors passed through the ward, and I awakened to find my hand clutching a magnificent posy of fresh flowers—placed there, the nurse informed me, by a charming girl.

Someone cared! That mental tonic, combined with skilled nursing, pulled me through.—R. L., Devon.



Old age walks serenely on in the sunshine, content in the memories of the good turns of yesteryear

WHEN I was a girl of eighteen a visitor to our village deceived me terribly, and when I was in my direst trouble he left me to face the future alone.

About that time there was a young farm-labourer in the village who had shyly "made up" to me. To him I hastened, distracted, and wept out a confession, beseeching him to help me find a way out.

Without hesitation he offered to take the blame upon himself, and asked me to marry him as soon as the banns could be published.

We are both in the evening of our days now and my man is still a plodding farm-labourer. But we are both very, very happy together, and I'll plod on cheerfully, thankfully behind him wherever he may choose to lead, until the end.—Mary, Berks.

Sympathy's Reward

Being cowed at home and in school, when a girl, no wonder I was "a block-head." Nobody understood me, and nobody tried to, until I reached the class of a woman teacher.

She persevered despite my dullness, she humoured me, and sympathised with me. She was never tired of helping me, never rebuked me for mistakes, always encouraged me.

Had it not been for her untiring de-

votion and tuition, I should not now be holding the position of head teacher in a big school.—"Grateful," Whitechurch.

Ship Mate

While loading timber on the Yucatan Coast, some of us went swimming one day, and I got my legs stuck in the soft mud.

I was being sucked under, when a ship-mate came to my aid, and landed me safely on the beach.

Several days later he was taken to hospital with a fever and died.—W. B., Yorkshire.

Her Sacrifice

I longed for a baby and had five disappointments, so we adopted one from birth. His mother was unmarried, and was grateful when we took him.

I have made sacrifices, like all mothers, and people say what a good turn we did.

But it was his mother who did the good turn I can never repay, for he is now my sunshine in my darkest hours.—W., Birmingham.

From the Brink

Dazed with grief, not caring what happened, I drifted one evening into a dance-hall and immediately got into bad company.

A couple of strangers took in the situation at a glance, and persuaded me to join them for the rest of the evening.

Not content with this, they devoted themselves to finding a way out of my despair, sympathising and consoling, and before we parted, they had restored my confidence, given me fresh hope, and averted a greater tragedy than they knew.—P. J., St. Leonards.

Not Humbled

Several years ago, during a miners' strike, my husband and I found ourselves with threepence between us, and as our child was expected within a short time our plight was serious.

Then we got a letter from a friend asking us to help her by going to stay with her, so that my husband could do one or two jobs about the garden.

She knew our circumstances, but respected our pride, and though we can never repay her, we can never forget her tactful kindness.—E. G., Edinburgh.

Auntie's Family

My wife died, leaving me with four children. The thought of putting them in an institution worried me, for we were much attached to each other.

My sister gave up a good position and came and took their mother's place. She mothered them for years, nursing and making them happy, and kept family and home together. That good turn I can never repay.—P. L., Edinburgh.

Cripple's Friend

As a boy I was a cripple, and so had little education. A local shipowner not only assisted financially for surgical operations, but bought me books on business subjects, and devoted many hours teaching me business principles.

He then took me into his office and continued to help me.

When I was eighteen a situation in a large office was secured for me, and my friend remarked: "I have done all I can for you, my boy; you are now fitted for this position which offers greater scope; take it and God bless you."—E. R., Chester.

Firm with a Soul

Following the birth of our boy, my wife developed chest trouble.

Somehow my directors got to know, and, for her sake, although they had never seen her, transferred me from their North Country branch to the South.

Our Letter Parliament

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, August 2.

My Holiday Romance— and How it Began

They voluntarily paid for the removal of our furniture, assisted in finding a suitable house, and sent me £10 to enable us to start free from worry.

Their action prolonged, but could not save, my wife's life, and to the last she gratefully remembered the friends she had never seen.—"Jesmond," Wilts.

A Good Job

The Armistice found me a prisoner of war at Liege, left to find myself.

A Belgian couple took me in, fed me, cleaned me, and did everything else necessary to make me something approaching a human being before sending me home to England.

Up to now I have found no way to repay my Belgian friends for the care, time and money they spent on me.—F. B., Rotherham.

The memory of a big-hearted woman, as she sat by my bedside with a cheery "There are better times ahead, lass," reminds me of a good turn I can never repay.—D. Clark, Bow, E.

All doors were closed to a woman, for she had an illegitimate child. An old, white-haired woman took in mother and babe, and shared her home with them.—The Child, Yorks.

For twenty-four years I have been endeavouring to repay a good turn. Yet each succeeding year sees my indebtedness the greater. The good turn occurred on my wedding-day.—T. A., Grimsby.

My husband, after a long and painful illness, committed suicide. I can never repay our parson for his kindness in taking my husband's body into the church and giving him a decent funeral.—Widow, Sussex.

SIDE-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips." When a "slip" is sent in by more than one reader, the prize is awarded to the first opened.

DAILY MAIL:—"— was charged with stealing a pair of shoes and stockings. She admitted the offence and said she wanted a better pain than she had."

LEICESTER EVENING MAIL:—"The weather

was fine and FUNNY."

THE HUNCHBACK OF BERLIN:—"A tall man in a dark suit and wearing a black mast."

THOMPSON'S WEEKLY NEWS:—"Johnny had another much smaller ladder with which to reach the widow."

BELFAST EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"On payment of a fee of two guineas, which shall be returned on receipt of a non-fire tender."

NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:—"The Vice Chancellor of Oxford University unveiled a FLAGON in St. Peter-le-Bailey Church."

GUIDE TO COMPETITORS:—"A mark made by a drop of WET WATER."

NORTH-WESTERN DAILY MAIL:—"The Graf Zeppelin will carry out a FIGHT around England."

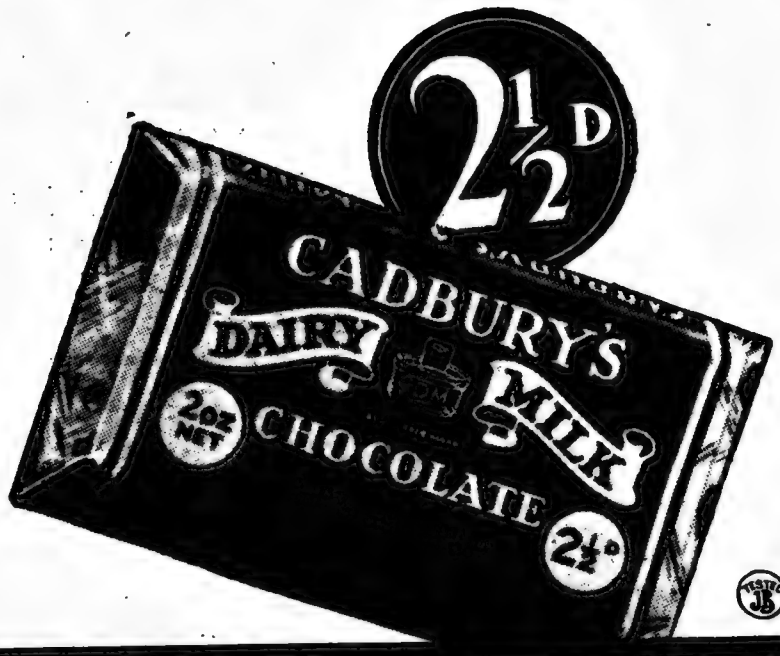
ORKNEY HERALD:—"Under the auspices of the Scottish Society for the PRESERVATION OF Cruelty to Animals."

BELFAST EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"A Belfast boy of fourteen who was also charged with FRAGRANCY."

BATH AND WILTS CHRONICLE AND HERALD:—"The BATH rate was to-day reduced to 2 per cent."

CADBURYS

2^D 2 oz Blocks



CADBURY'S GUARANTEE

The 2-oz. blocks are guaranteed to be exactly the same high quality chocolate as the famous Cadbury halves and quarters.

QUALITY *and* QUANTITY

—the wonderful
blend that makes

*Player's
Please*



5 FOR 3^D

10 FOR 6^D 20 FOR 11^{1D}

Save your Player packets for the Imperial Tobacco Company's POSTER COMPETITION..
£20,000 IN CASH PRIZES
Ask your Tobacconist for particulars

N.C.C. 130 D

SOLVE THIS X-WORD and ENJOY 'JOHN BULL'S' LIFE PENSION

FINE 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE

25/- EVERY WEEK FOR LIFE

£25 EVERY AUGUST FOR LIFE

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £500 CASH



NEWSAGENTS' PRIZE.—A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between the winners' Newsagents.

ENTRY FEE.

With two squares sent P.O. for SIXPENNY. With four squares sent P.O. for ONE SHILLING. See Rule 1.

ADDRESS ENTRY:
JOHN BULL CROSSWORD No. 175,
57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

CLUES ACROSS.

1. A kind of tie.
3. It often makes you stiff.
7. Leave out.
9. Without an owner.
12. Sometimes makes shoe pinch.
13. Enables you to listen.
14. In that place.
16. Frozen rain.
17. Certain.
18. Helps us to water our gardens.
21. It amuses undergraduates.
22. Not fresh.
23. Fireplace.
25. Tin container.
27. Tree-trunk provides.
29. It moves swiftly on its way.
31. Hard of hearing.
33. Neckwear.
34. Motorist seeks map for.
35. Many owe living to.
36. By being this, many have died.

CLUES DOWN.

1. They go into locks.
2. Your life becomes this as you grow older.
4. Regret.
5. Comes after the night before.
6. Is enjoyed when it's hot.
8. What Tommy did to trousers.
10. Freshly made.
11. What cook sometimes does.
15. Don't do this to defenceless animal.
19. Took a seat.
20. Seen round boat.
21. Elevate.
22. Rain sometimes comes down in.
24. Editor tries to please him.
26. Profit.
28. A story.
30. Expresses Yankee's surprise.
32. Provided with food.

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENNY—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /s/ Co. /; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, August 4, 1932.

2. No competitor may submit more than two Double Entry Forms (four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3. Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 18, 1932. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, August 30, 1932, in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4. In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared £500 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

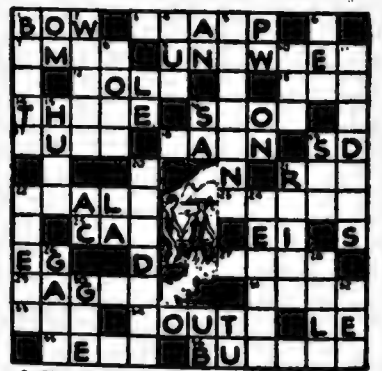
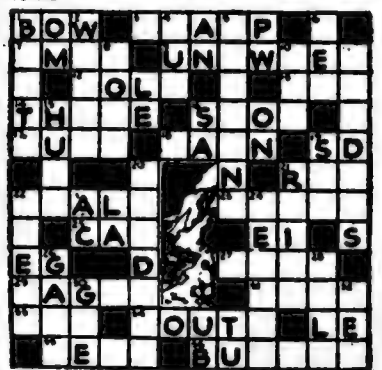
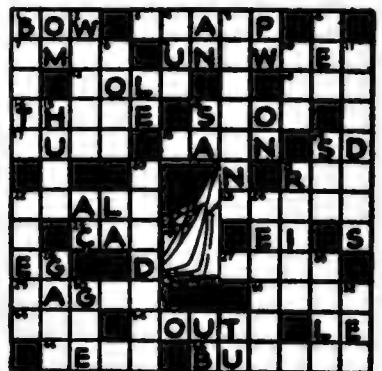
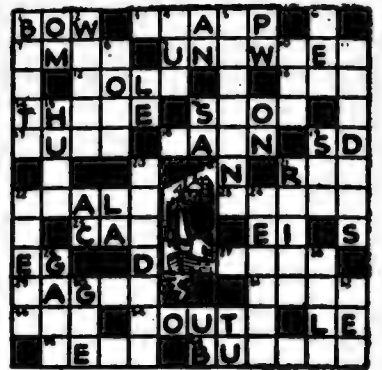
5. Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

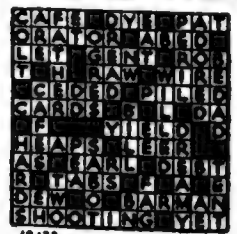
7. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

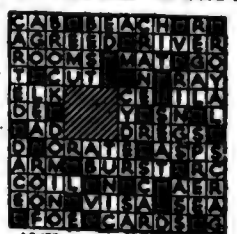


Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 172



Winners in 172 on page 21

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 173

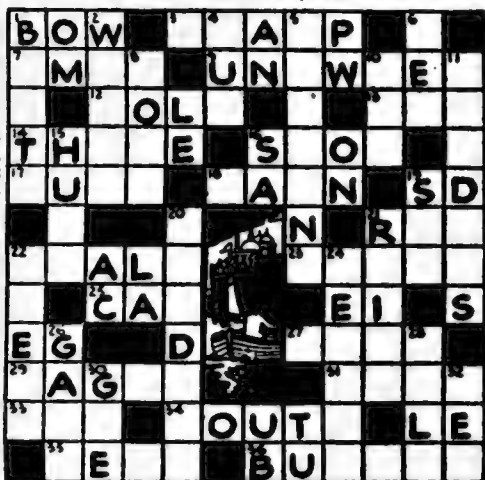


Result of 173 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 173 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasize that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

ENTER BY NOON THURS AUG-4

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 175.

CLOSING THURSDAY (NOON), AUG. 4



JB 175

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and

enclose P.O. No.
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6D.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

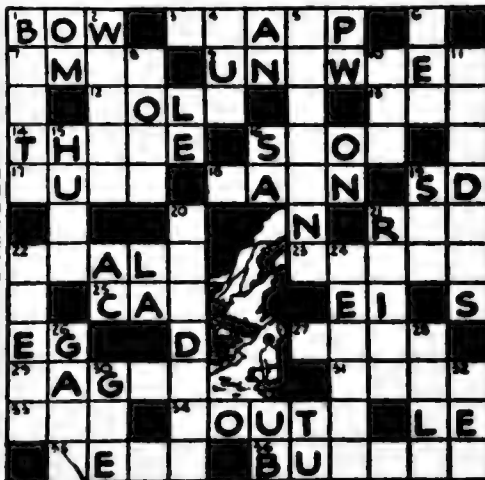
JB 175



JB 175

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 175.

CLOSING THURSDAY (NOON), AUG. 4



JB 175

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and

enclose P.O. No.
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

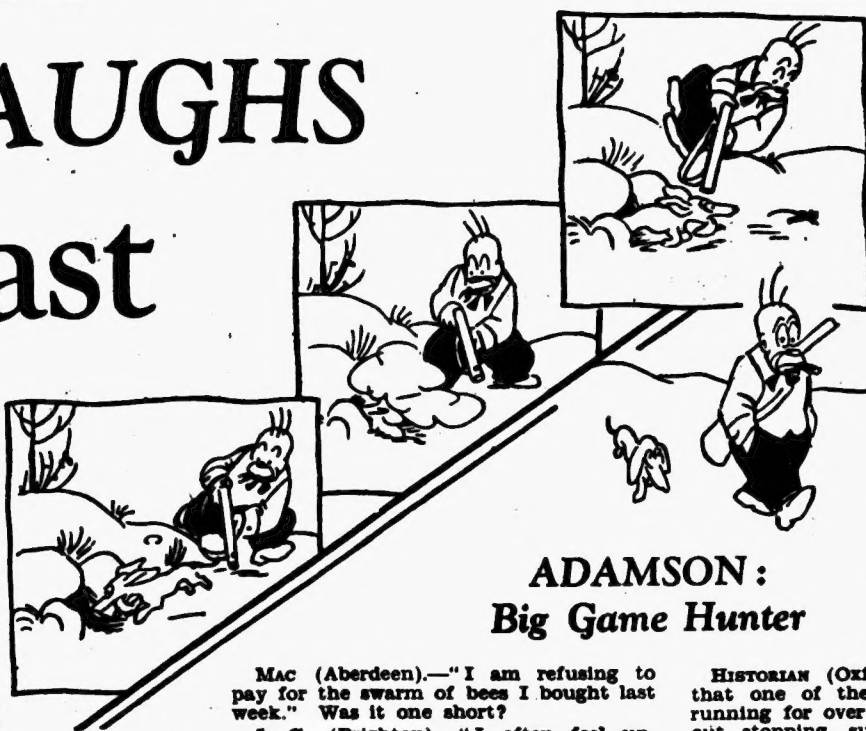
SIGNED

ADDRESS

JB 175

The EDITOR LAUGHS Last

If you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day! The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are purely for your entertainment.



ADAMSON:
Big Game Hunter

MAC (Aberdeen).—"I am refusing to pay for the swarm of bees I bought last week." Was it one short?

J. G. (Brighton).—"I often feel uncomfortable in a deck chair." You should pay your twopence.

G. O. (Croydon).—"A man is not entitled to play the trombone to the annoyance of neighbours." So there is another way of playing it!

P. T. (Oakengates).—"Do you think lawyers ought to cover themselves with those silly wigs and gowns?" Yes, the less we see of them the better.

R. W. (Glasgow).—"With a little pluck we can all get along with less." Certainly; just look at what the girls have accomplished with their eyebrows.

DORIS (Clacton).—"I have had several requests for my hand since I have been down here." Some of those seaside palmists are very insistent.

P. F. (Notting Hill).—"It's as easy to telephone from London to America as from London to Southend." But it's bound to improve with time.

J. T. (Bristol).—"A good turn always brings some reward." Have you ever tried cranking a car which has run out of petrol?

H. H. (Canterbury).—"An American has invented a sleep-inducing machine which emits a continuous buzzing drone." And we have our wireless talks.

D. U. (Bow).—"The cost of going away for a holiday is much higher than it was before the war." And so is the cost of staying at home.

NOVELIST (Ongar).—"An excellent murder plot came into my head while I was trying to go to sleep." Our neighbour also keeps his loudspeaker going until well past midnight.

E. V. (Newcastle).—"A musical comedy author tells me that he has discovered a method of saving himself the labour of writing his productions, but he won't say what it is." Perhaps he has had his plot engraved on a rubber stamp.



D. V. (Leatherhead).—"What will tear a woman away from a hat shop?" A sale at another hat shop.

F. M. (Malvern).—"Would you call a hen's cackle a song?" No, a lay.

H. N. (Brighton).—"I found a diamond ring while bathing." A lucky dip.

R. F. (Portsmouth).—"It is very difficult to know where to live." And how!

ELSAE (King's Cross).—"I looked over my wardrobe." You must be a very tall girl.

TOURIST (Ipswich).—"I find that less porridge is being eaten in Scotland." So civilisation is spreading north at last!

B. D. (Woolwich).—"Some people ridicule darts, but it is really an absorbing game." The players certainly do.

L. P. (Swindon).—"What does one call people who collect insects?" Picnickers.

HISTORIAN (Oxford).—"It is on record that one of the ancient Greeks, after running for over a hundred miles without stopping, succeeded in jumping a wall 6 ft. high." Still, think of the run he took!

T. M. (Hull).—"When I called you up last Wednesday, some idiot started talking on the 'phone." So our operator told us.

DORIS (Ventnor).—"It is so hot here that my face is peeling." Are you hoping that beauty is only skin deep?

TENOR (Hampstead).—"As I got up to sing there was a silence in the hall." But unfortunately you broke it?

N. M. (Bury).—"Believe me, this letter is sincere, and there is nothing put on." Nor on the envelope where the stamp ought to be.

R. M. (Frinton).—"I wrote some of this letter on the sands this morning." But unfortunately you put most of it on paper.

F. M. (Bedford).—"Before learning to punt one should have a good knowledge of river etiquette." And of pole-squatting.

M. B. (Hendon).—"Imagination is disappearing from modern novels." But not from the wrappers.

F. S. (Poplar).—"My son came home from school looking very dejected, but would not tell me what had happened." How can he describe what goes on behind his back?

P. G. C. (Altrincham).—"You know you can't put a quart into a pint pot." But we've done the next best thing this week—put three big prizes into one First. For a few simple words £1,250, a "Rover" Saloon Car and a £20 Yearly Holiday for life can be yours. See page 31.

C. B. (Hornsey).—"A new vacuum-cleaner has a glass device enabling the user to see the rubbish being drawn into the machine." What a thrill for a man to clean the bedroom carpet and watch his long-lost studs tumbling in!

D. B. (Sydney).—"Electric clippers have been invented which shear 2,000 sheep daily." In this country, however, an income-tax collector gives each bleating victim his own personal attention during the shearing process.

G. H. (Newcastle).—"A youth who was found not guilty on a charge of house-breaking wrote a poem of thanks to the judge." We understand, however, that it was then too late for the learned gentleman to reverse his judgment.

Many replies unavoidably held over

FOR SORE, TIRED, TENDER FEET

WHEN THEY
Burn, Smart, Swell,
Itch, blister, perspire
and form Corns
or Callouses.

THIS IS ALL
YOU NEED



Try the highly medicated and oxygenated foot-bath which can be prepared only by adding 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' to plain water. Refreshing,

soothing, healing, and antiseptic, its wonderful effects upon sore, tired muscles, aching bones, irritated nerves and sensitive skin make you feel like dancing with joy, and quickly render walking a real pleasure again. The new triple-oxygenated 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' now im-

Packet Enlarged



NEW SIZE

Increased 25% from 1 lb. to 1 1/2 lb.

PRICE

6/6 only 1/6

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

Now TRIPLE-OXYGENATED

Of all chemists.

ENJOY YOUR keep HOLIDAY - stomach ACID-FREE

Don't let change of air and food upset your stomach this year and spoil the first days of your holiday. A dose of Birley's Antacid Powder instantly "quietsens" a disturbed stomach by destroying the excess acid. Acidity is the cause of Indigestion, Flatulence and discomfort after eating, so take a short course of Birley's before you go away and enjoy perfect digestion. Birley's is guaranteed harmless and tasteless and can be taken at any time and at any age.

A seaside landlady (Mrs. J. Eastwood, of "Del-Mar", 2, Coronation Road, Cleveleys, Blackpool), writes, "I find that the only cure for 'holiday' digestive disturbance is a dose or two of Birley's Antacid Powder, and I keep a tin on hand for any visitors who come and who usually need it. It never fails. For children, too, it is wonderful."

Birley's ANTACID POWDER

In 2/6, 3/6 & 5/6. The only. Obtainable from ALL Chemists, including all branches of Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's, etc.

SKIN DISEASES Marvellous Results of New Blood Treatment.

"Skin Soft as Velvet."

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world."

(Signed) Mr. E. J. BRADSHAW.

30, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

The New Elasto Treatment is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Piles, and other Diseases of the Skin and Circulatory System.

It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly, and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Send for Free Sample.

Elasto treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day.

Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper), and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

THE NEW ELASTO TREATMENT COMPANY, LTD.
(Dept. 124, 2nd Floor, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.)

The New Style in Face Powder

JOAN, NO REALLY SMART PEOPLE NOW-A-DAYS KEEP ON POWDERING. THEY USE THE NEW MOUSSE OF CREAM POWDER—TRY SOME.

OH! I ALWAYS HAVE A SHINY NOSE

I SAY, DOESN'T IT MAKE A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE

YES, AND IT STAYS ON ALL DAY. IT'S ALL THE RAGE NOW

Extraordinary laboratory tests made with a new face powder formula have definitely proved that any woman can now obtain a beautiful, youthful complexion and entirely banish shiny nose, blotches and the worst complexion defects. The ingredient which makes this remarkable difference is called Mousse of Cream. It makes the powder stay on all day long in windy or rainy weather, and in spite of perspiration while dancing or playing games.

The entire world's rights to this amazing new formula have been acquired by Tokalon. Mousse of Cream is now scientifically blended in exactly the right proportions by a patented process with the finest air-floated powder in Poudre Tokalon. Try a box of Poudre Tokalon, the only Mousse of Cream face powder to-day. The immediate and tremendous improvement in your appearance will be the admiration and envy of your friends. Only 1/- a box. Double Size 1/6.

There is more in a Cycle tyre than meets the eye. It takes an expert to judge a good tyre off the rim. It is safest to follow the Old Timers' lead and fit Dunlop, because:

CASING

—is built from specially selected cotton, woven into waffless fabric, designed and controlled throughout to achieve absolute strength with minimum weight.

TREAD

—compounded and fashioned for speed and safety—lively rubber in a pattern scientifically designed.

WIRES

—tested and braided to ensure pliability and strength—essentials for ease of fitting and security on the rim.

DUNLOP

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LIMITED, Fort Dunlop, Birmingham.

Branches throughout the World

Dunlop Research Departments control these factors at every stage of production.

2H/204

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull"



TO pick up the receiver and be greeted by the words "Come quick—your home is on fire"—to dash away and find firemen smashing and hewing and pouring tons of water on your precious belongings—to see the fruits of a lifetime disappearing before your eyes—what a ghastly tragedy that would be. Yet Fire can be just as relentless and terrible as this, and, just think, a tiny spark from the grate may start the holocaust.

Surely it is wisdom to safeguard your home against this risk. JOHN BULL is the ONLY paper to provide Fire Benefits, just as it is the ONLY paper to cover the home against Storm, Flood and Sickness.

In addition, JOHN BULL covers you against Burglary, Home Accidents and other risks.

If you have not yet registered, do so at once on the forms below.

Holiday Risks Covered.

We remind registered readers once again that they remain covered whilst away in Great Britain, Channel Islands and the Isle of Man. The only condition is that in case of a claim arising, it will be necessary to show that they purchased JOHN BULL whilst away, and that before leaving they instructed their newsagent to recommence regular delivery immediately on their return.

John Bull, the ONLY paper to pay FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and SICKNESS Benefits

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent)

Address

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature

Address

Date

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 30/7/32

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to
"John Bull" Registration Department,
125, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature

Age

Address

Name and Address of Newsagent

Date

Use 3d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 3d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 30/7/32.

CASH THE COUPONS!

JOHN BULL'S
PEN
OFFER

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE
3

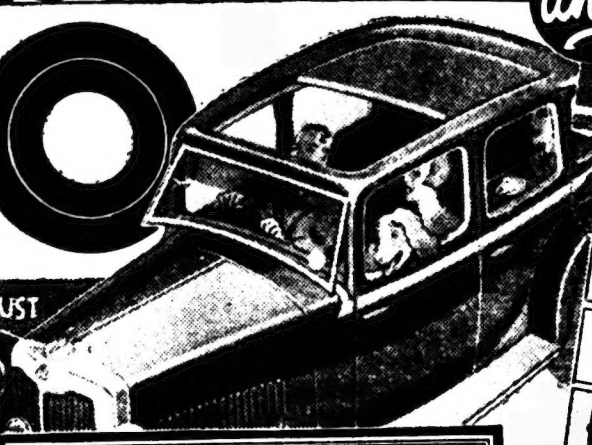
RECORD 3-IN-1 AUGUST PRIZE

£1,250

AND 20 HOLIDAY CHEQUE EVERY AUGUST FOR LIFE

AND £225 MOTOR-CAR

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £1,500 CASH



THIS £225 "ROVER" SUNSHINE SALOON

Is the Luxurious 10 25 H.P. Motor Car selected by "John Bull" to accompany this week's record August First Prize of £1,250 and £20 Holiday Cheque Yearly for Life.

Guaranteed by its famous makers for two years, supplied in the colour of your choice, completely equipped and ready for the road, this £225 car is the ideal one for you.

WIN IT FOR A "BULLET."

and 49 BIG BULLETS HOLIDAY CHEQUES

£100	£25	£20	£19
£18	£17	£16	£15
£14	£13	£12	£11
£10	£9	£8	£7
£6	2/6 £5	30/9 £2 10	

500 OF 2/6, 2,000 SPECIAL 'RED SEAL' TARGET PRIZES, 8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

DO YOU WANT THIS GIANT HOLIDAY PRIZE?

Before you to-day is the finest list of holiday prizes in the history of competitions. Continuing his sensational holiday campaign, JOHN BULL makes a record step forward toward that goal of £10,000 cash which he promised to *Bullets* entrants.

August offers of the past are put in the shade by this enormous three-in-one prize—a fortune of £1,250 cash, a £225 "Rover" Sunshine Saloon Car, £20 Holiday Cheque yearly for life!

For those who would prefer one lump sum as the reward for a few well-chosen *Bullets*, an alternative prize of £1,500 cash is available.

Now for your attack on JOHN BULL's glittering array of holiday cash! First, through the *Examples* given, jotting down as you go the various thoughts they bring to your mind.

Next, since a *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt text, see if you can condense your thoughts into a *Bullet* capable of winning a big prize.

For instance, you select the *Example* CRUMBLING WORLD, you could create a *Bullet* by adding the words "DUST" MUSTN'T "BLIND" IT.

Study the winning lines printed below before beginning on your own efforts. Any of these *Bullets* might have been yours. So any of this week's fifty big prizes may well come your way.

At the occasion, sit down for a quiet half-hour on *Bullets* this evening, see that your entry is in by Saturday, August 13.

50 BIG HOLIDAY CHEQUES WON THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £500 AND £10 YEARLY, COMPETITION No. 856.
Mr. C. Smith, No. 8, Court 5, Jackson's Lane, Wellingborough.
Example:—"BUSINESS WOMAN"
Bullet:—"BUSY LITTLE WOMAN" PREFERABLE.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:
V. MORLEY, 41, Cape Hill, Smethwick.
Example: Modern Courtship
Bullet: Happy-go-lucky—Lucky, If Happy.

THIRD PRIZE OF £40:
B. R. SHARP, 8-10, Hunter Street, South Shields.
Example: Out In The Open
Bullet: Life's "Candle" Burns Better.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

- OTHER PRIZES
- Miss E. HARRIS, 78, West End, Witney. Slum Parson—"Shepherd" Helping "Flock" Escape.
 - H. McQUEEN, Haining Road, Renfrew. Modern Courtship—"O Star—" "Oh Rats!"
 - P. C. DALY, "Sunnyside," Dean Cross, Plymouth, Devon. Out In The Open—Now—Or—"Take Cover."
 - A. PRITCHARD, 36, Shelley Road, Boscombe, Bournemouth. Our Charlady—Only "Mirror" Firm's Name-plate.
 - Mrs. U. ROSE, 1, Conibree, Trowbridge. Business Woman—"Britannia, Putting Home First."
 - Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
 - H. SHERWOOD, 43, Elsdon Road, London, N. We Fear—They Fear—Therefore, Warfare.
 - C. F. ANSELL, 13, Crookham Camp, Aldershot. Cut Off—From Empire, Ireland "Fading."
 - P. W. HISLOP, 34, Lady Margaret Road, Southall, Middlesex. Slum Parson—"Lighthouse Keeper" Never Lonely.
 - J. FORSTEN, 154, Queen Alexandra Road, North Shields. Nature's Programme—Fine—Let's "Walk Out."
 - A. KERR, 28, Victoria Park Drive, North, Glasgow. Slum Parson—Pulpit, Orange-box—Choir Kettle.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
 - J. P. SMITH, 52, Hamilton Road, Longsight, Manchester. Whatever We Do—Sonny Imitates—Be Genuine!

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "and Co.," payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

NAME
ADDRESS

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.
(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets")

- 210: H. LOWE, 40, Swindon Road, Stratton St. Margaret, Swindon. Always Smiling—Beats Awaiting "Last Laugh."
 - 29: P. RICHFORD, 5, Arthur Road, Bexhill. After The Conference—Family Gave Southend "Preference."
 - 28: W. F. PENNY, 3, Middle Road, Sholing, Southampton. He Wanted A Rest, So—She Suggested Other Knees.
 - 27: H. C. YOUNG, 1, Anglered Street, Ryde. They Talked For Hours, But—Lausanne's "Net" Result, "Entangled."
 - 26: G. M. KENDRICK, 3, George Square, Greenock, N.B. Whatever We Do—Indiscreet, In This Street.
 - 25: Miss B. ELLIS, 141, Waldgrave Road, Wavertree, Liverpool. Our Charlady—Wasting Soap—Saving Coupons.
- A list of 20 £2 10s. and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.
- ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.
- NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 860 usually purchase "John Bull."

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 860

CRUMBLING WORLD
SWAMPED WITH DEBTS
MAKES LIFE A HOLIDAY
TO ESCAPE TAXATION
MAN WITH A CHEQUE-BOOK
BEACH PHOTOGRAPHER
ACCORDING TO THE GUIDE
OFF THEY WENT AND
CAUSE OF THE ARGUMENT
QUEUE OF UNEMPLOYED
GLORY OF THE GARDEN

MATCH FOR HER
SHARP AS A KNIFE
ONLY A LITTLE
WARM-HEARTED
CARELESSLY
THE JOCKEY
STIFLING A YAWN
IN LOVERS' LANE
HOLLOW MOCKERY
QUICK-CHANCE ARTIST
ARMY OF TOURISTS

TRADE OFFENSIVE
DR. SUNSHINE
SHE PREFERS
IN YOUTH
HEROIC
AT OUR WEDDING
GLOWING TRIBUTE
IF WE CAN
SHOOTING AHEAD
CHEERFUL OUTLOOK

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(860) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT. Aug. 13 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(860) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT. Aug. 13 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(860) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT. Aug. 13 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(860) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT. Aug. 13 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

"Bullets" No. 860, "John Bull,"
Address Coupons:—Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

BULLETS' RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of Entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.



HOW TO GIVE 'ASPRO' TO THE KIDDIES

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dose is: children 2 to 6 years, 1 tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1 1/2 tablets. 'ASPRO' like any other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

3d. 6d. 1/3 & 2/6
PER PACKET

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 60 tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6.

To some, sunshine is a mixed blessing. After being "cooped up" indoors, a strong spell of sunshine often produces initial discomfort—sun-glare, headaches, hot-weather sleeplessness, irritability, etc. A short holiday or week-end can easily be spoilt under these conditions. It is a fact that 'ASPRO' can prevent these troubles for you. It banishes sun-glare, headaches, sleeplessness, and irritability. Voyagers by sea will find 'ASPRO' a wonderful antidote for sea-sickness. Again there are a number of people who, immediately they get to the seaside suffer from rheumatism. This painful complaint quickly yields to 'ASPRO.' Why not make it a rule to keep 'ASPRO' handy during the summer months as insurance against petty ills?—It has been proved definitely and conclusively that:—

'ASPRO' IS THE WAY TO PROTECT YOURSELF

Chill and Headaches Banished

Wilfred Stephens, of Pentonville Road, London, feels it his duty to let us know about the marvellous benefits derived from 'ASPRO.' Had severe chill coming on and tried a packet of 'ASPRO.' Doubts soon dispelled by complete relief. Temperature normal, terrific headache banished. Now quite well.

'Aspro' Stops Sea-sickness

J. W. writes from Cumberland: "My wife is a very bad sailor and dreads a sea journey; but last trip, on which the weather was very rough, two 'ASPRO' tablets kept her free from headaches and sea-sickness. Actually started singing on the journey."

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA HEADACHES SLEEPLESSNESS NEURALGIA SCIATICA GOUT RHEUMATISM ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS MALARIA COLDS LUMBAGO IRRITABILITY HAY FEVER NERVE SHOCK PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN

Agents: GOLLIN & CO., PTY. LTD. ('Aspro' Dept.), Slough, Bucks. Phone: Slough 608. Made by ASPRO Ltd., Slough, England. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

'ASPRO' IS ALL BRITISH

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

ASPRO
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

'ASPRO' DOES NOT HARM THE HEART



GET a better shave—pay less for it—and win a splendid new Triumph Luxury Four-Door Saloon Car!

Shard blades—in the patent cellophane wrapped packet—cost only 6d. for 4. You can buy them everywhere, including Boots, Taylors, Parkes, Timothy Whites, Halfords, W. H. Smith & Son's bookstalls, etc. Thousands of men are taking to them—and to introduce Shard blades to a still wider public a Triumph Car is offered as prize in a great contest.

All you need do to enter is to buy a 6d. packet of Shard blades, shave with a Shard, and write down your opinion of the blades in not more than 12 words. Use the entry form at side and write boldly in ink, giving your name and address. Send in as many entries as you like—further attempts may be made on plain paper—but each entry must be accompanied by the front of a Shard packet. Post your entry to:—Contest No. 4, Shard Blades, C. L. Shard & Co., Ltd., 212-214, Great Portland Street, London, W.1. The closing date is noon, Tuesday, August 2nd. The winner of Contest No. 4 will be notified by post, and announced in the "Daily Herald" on Thursday, August 4th.

Triumph Super-Seven Coachbuilt Saloon

This superb Triumph Saloon has: 5-bearing crankshaft, vibrationless engine, Lockheed hydraulic 4-wheel brakes, rear petrol tank, four doors with no central pillars, sliding roof, dipping headlights, safety-glass windscreen, and absolutely complete equipment.
List Price £165-0-0
Delivered free to your home in Great Britain.

Shard Contests Winners

Contest No. 1.
The winner of the first of the Shard Razor Blade Contests, the prize for which is a Triumph Super-Seven Saloon car, was:—Mr. Ernest Lea, of 34, Birchall Road, Redland, Bristol. Mr. Lea's winning slogan was: "SHARD BLADES COME BEFORE ALL OTHERS—THE TOUGHEST SHARD 6d BEFORE THEM."

Contest No. 2.
The winner of the second of the Shard Razor Blade Contests, the prize for which is a Triumph Super-Seven Saloon car, was:—Mr. Lucas, 446, Romford Road, Forest Gate, E.7. Mr. Lucas' winning slogan was: "FOUR 'KEEN' SHARDS FOR USING SHARD BLADES—IN EVERY SHARPENING PACKET."

FINAL OPPORTUNITY to win this FREE 'TRIUMPH' LUXURY SALOON

Must be won by Tues. Aug. 2nd

SHARD BLADES CONTEST No. 4

Write your 12 words in the space below. Send in as many entries as you like in a sealed envelope with a 1d. stamp affixed—but each entry must be accompanied by the front of a Shard packet. The prize will be awarded for the entry that is most apt and original in its reference to Shard blades, and the contest will be judged by a Committee of Experts. The car must be won and no correspondence can be entered into.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

(Write clearly in ink.)

SHARD BLADES 6d for 4